

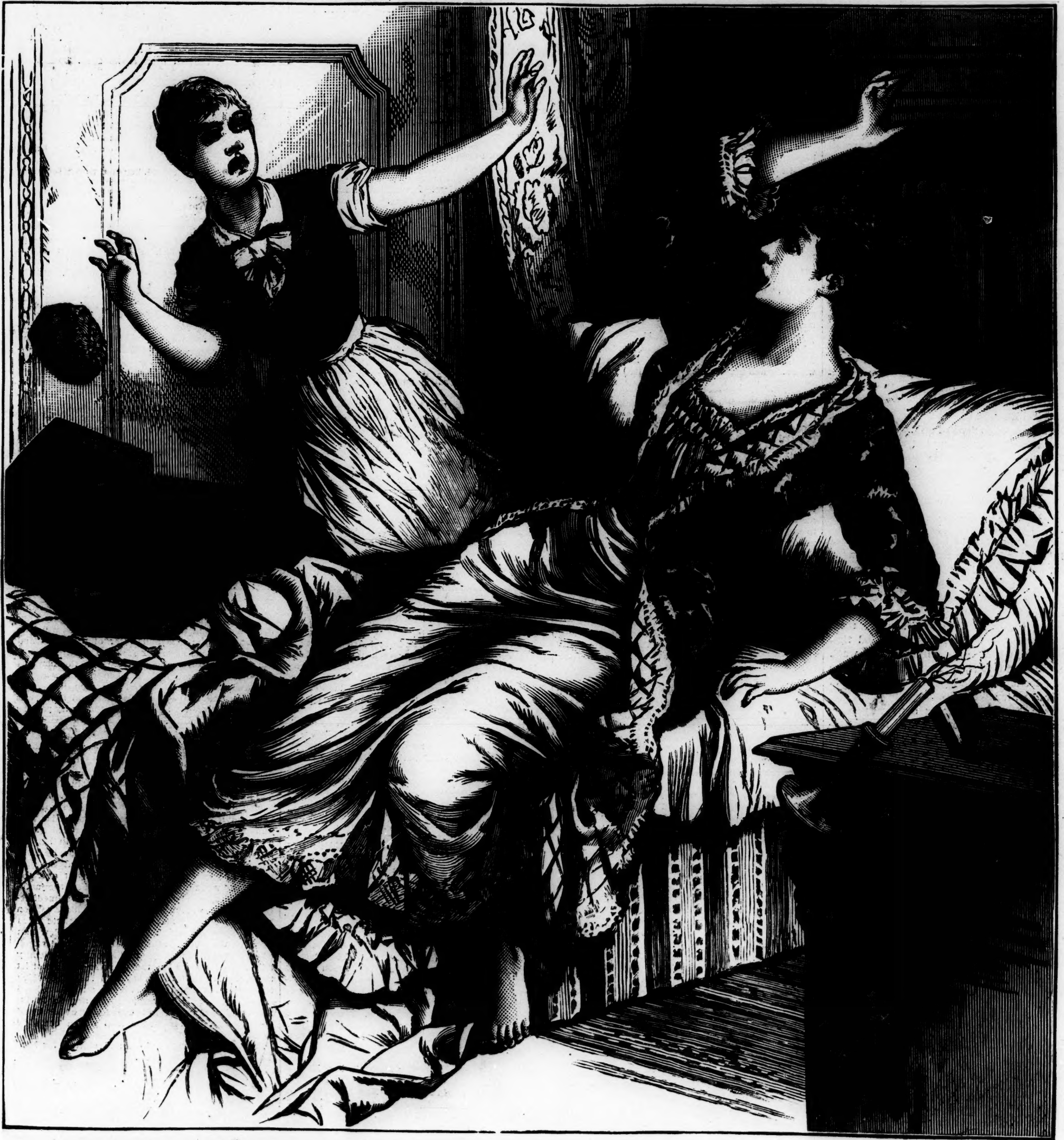
THE NATIONAL  
**POLICE GAZETTE**  
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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SHE WASN'T THE CORPSE.

THE QUEER BLUNDER MADE BY THE ASSISTANT OF AN UNDERTAKER IN A HOUSE OF MOURNING, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.





RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.  
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING  
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1886.

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#### DISGUSTING HYPOCRISY.

There seems to be, nowadays, a premium on being a loud-mouthed, canting Pharisee. So long as you can secure a reputation for being "pious" and devoted to "reforming" the morals of your fellow men, you can cheat and steal and rob and swindle without even attracting the attention of your neighbors. And when the fatal day does arrive in which your villainies are all exposed and your knavish practices brought to light, all you have to do to escape punishment and even win sympathy is to remind your neighbors what a good man you are, what devout prayers you can reel off, and how plausibly you used to hand around the contribution box, no matter whether your own secret gift to the Lord was a button or not.

Just now the Eastern States are sorrowfully lamenting the "backsliding" of some pious church members, who professed to be ever so much better than the common run of humanity, but were not above robbing their depositors and stockholders of hundreds of thousands of dollars. One of them was especially fond of orphans and stole \$20,000 of orphans' money entrusted to him. The other, a fellow named Gould, is the son-in-law of the great temperance crank, Neal Dow, and for years was commended by the Pharisees as "one of Christ's own."

When this precious scoundrel, self-convicted thief and perjured hypocrite was arrested his neighbors "felt sorry for him and expressed their sympathy in every possible way." In fact, they are trying to save him from punishment, he is such an exemplary Christian.

Bah! Another hypocrite of another type has turned up in England in the case of Rev. Edward Steale, well-known local preacher of London. It is charged by the officers of the humane society that he has been accustomed to go home from his preaching service and beat his two young boys until their bodies were a mass of bleeding bruises. The boys testified that they had been beaten five times in one week with a knotted rope, and usually spent the Sabbath locked in a dark room, with a diet of bread and water.

It seems that Mr. Steale is a frugal person, and, procuring a number of tracts for gratuitous circulation, utilized the boys in selling them. One of these tracts was an argument against eternal torment, and as the boys did not sell a sufficient number, he endeavored to prove that there was at least temporal punishment. The inhuman father was sentenced to six months' imprisonment and the boys were sent to an industrial school.

Did the Pharisees of London hide their heads and silently console the poor little wretches whom this "pious" father delighted to torture? Not a bit of it. On the contrary, they tried to obtain the cruel brute's release, not because he was unjustly convicted, but because he preached "such soul-stirring sermons" that it would be a sin to hide his talents in a jail, even for crimes against the law.

It is enough to make a white man turn green, this sickening hypocrisy of the present day.

#### IGNORANCE.

A case has been reported at Fitchburg, Mass., of a refusal at the Post Office there, to mail a copy of the POLICE GAZETTE addressed to England; upon inquiry it was found to be the work of a clerk, who assumed without knowledge that it was unmailable to foreign countries. Such a clerk is unfit for the public service. We beg our readers to promptly inform us in all such cases, and to remember the POLICE GAZETTE has the unqualified right and unrestricted use of the U. S. mails.

#### STAGE SKIMMINGS.

Actor husbands are notoriously tender, gentle creatures—on the stage. But off it, they seem to be the toughest of the tough. For instance, Lulu, wife of Admiral Yale, died at Milwaukee recently under circumstances somewhat mysterious. On Friday evening, while the remains were being prepared for burial the husband of the deceased became violently and brutally drunk, and coming home while preparations were in progress, ordered those in charge to place the dead body in a sitting position, "that looking more natural." The day following, the fact of the body being yet warm, together with the inexplicable conduct of the man, aroused suspicion, and a request was made by several friends of the woman to the Coroner to investigate the cause of her death, no explanation being given by her husband. The facts of the case being laid before the Coroner and the police, and investigation was ordered and the contents of the stomach analyzed. The result will be known in a few days.

A good story is told on Billy Florence by the St. Paul Globe. Two years ago Mrs. Florence made him promise to abstain from the use of liquor, and Billy kept his promise to all intents and purposes. One day Billy and his wife went into a museum in New York. There was an elephant in the museum and they stood near him, Billy with his back toward him. The elephant was a familiar animal, and quietly slipped his trunk into Billy's pocket. When the elephant pulled his trunk out of the pocket it was coiled around a flat bottle about half full of red liquor and labeled "Old Rye." The elephant flourished the bottle in the air a few times before Mrs. Florence's eyes and brought it down on the floor with a crash that attracted Billy's attention and made the hair on his head look skyward. He looked into his wife's reproachful eyes, colored up, shoved his hands into his pockets, and walked away softly whistling a hymn. The matter was never referred to by Billy or his wife, but he says that was the last whisky bottle that ever got into his pocket.

Frank James, the bandit, denies that he is going to become an actor, although he admits that he has had many propositions to exhibit himself. One offer, he says, was of \$1,000 a week for one year, with private sleeping car accommodations and all expenses. This brilliancy of invention on Mr. James' part suggests that he was cut out for an advance agent, not an actor.

Tom Keene's condition is much better. All that remains of his painful illness is a slight and occasional twitching of the muscles of the mouth. His manager says there is really no reason, beyond that of extra caution, why he should not play this season. His friends and physicians, however, advise, for complete recovery, rest for another year, and, like a sensible man, he takes it.

Mrs. McKee Rankin hates the stage, and would like dearly to retire from it forever. But the fortune which she and her husband have amassed was recently swallowed up in a New York theatrical venture. "Kitty Blanchard's" ambition is to devote her time to her two beautiful young daughters. These young ladies have been quite prominent in San Francisco society during the past season, and their mother is full of social ambitions for them. They have been on the stage since they were eight or ten years old.

A correspondent wants to know how Lotta started. She sprang from a variety hall in San Francisco. She was clever with her feet and played the banjo acceptably, and in the flush mining days this was enough to make her a great favorite with the populace. She used to appear at a place called "The Harmonicon," but nobody suspected then that she would ever develop the dramatic ability and become the celebrity that has since satisfied her ambition. When she was about sixteen or seventeen her parents brought her East in the possible hope that something might be found for her to do here. John Broughman met her, admired her neat little ways and found a means to utilize her talents at once through his dramatization of "Old Curiosity Shop." By good luck she obtained an opening at Wallack's old theatre, at the corner of Thirteenth street, and at once leaped into fame. From that time to this she has constantly made money.

The Lotta-ry of life with her has been nearly all prizes and scarcely any blanks.

Talking of dead-heads I remember a dude asking Lester Wallack for an orchestra seat for a premiere: "May I ask in what quality?" said Wallack. "Quality? Eh?" "Are you connected with the stage?" "Oh, dear, no!" "Are you on the press, or a friend of the author?" "Not at all, not at all. But I think I'm quite as much entitled for I always go to all the first nights." "For nothing?" "Why, certainly! If I said, don't you know, I shouldn't go to any of your first nights."

A man in Dakota shot and killed a man in a theatre during a performance. His crime was swiftly and terribly punished. He was ejected without having his money refunded, and a friend of the murdered man threatened to kick him to boot. Thus it will be seen that a theatrical performance in Dakota cannot be interrupted with impunity and a pistol.

Daly loses \$5,000 by taking his company to London. This is said to be about half as much as he lost over there last year. Still, the season was a great success. Oh, of course it was! But a little less success and larger audiences would be better for Daly.

Comic opera is said to have enticing charms for Carrie Swain, and report has it that she may put the idea in practice before long.

Sarah Bernhardt has become very bitter toward reporters, and she hits them in this sharp fashion. "These fellows state that I am as thin as a whipping post, yet there are thousands of them waxing corpulent or the fat of my bones."

Mrs. Henrietta Chaudron has presented Rev. Mr. Windom, of Long Branch, with a horse and wagon. She learned of the reverend gentleman's poverty, and hence the present.

"Faust and Marguerite," by Dr. Gustavus Haas, of New York, was presented for the first time in America at the Providence Opera House, Providence, R. I., on Sept. 13. Cella Alsberg was the Marguerite, and the renowned actor Lewis Morrison was the Faust. It has since been produced in Jersey City and Brooklyn. The critics thus far have been unanimous in its praise, some going so far as to say that it is the greatest performance and best play produced for years. Certain it is, however, that Mr. Morrison has a part suited to him, and has put a great creation before the public. Miss Alsberg, who is a Californian, has, by her beautiful rendition of Marguerite, established for herself an enviable standard reputation. The supporting company is a standard one, and the scenery and costumes are pronounced as superb. It will be seen in all the principal cities, and later will come to New York for an extended run.

There is nothing quite so heart-rending as to see a chorus girl trying to hide behind herself the first time she appears with tights on.

It is Harry Dixey no longer, but 'Emery Dixey. Otherwise our pet has not changed much, though he wears Tweed clothes now, don'tcherknow.

The "Evangeline" company out West has an imitator of Freddy Gebhart who follows them around from town to town and makes himself generally agreeable to the chorus girls and a source of revenue to the local restaurateurs. Of course he comes from New York.

No tug boat, loaded with beer and a band, will meet Wilson Barrett on his arrival. His ambition is not built that way.

A variety show in a small Kentucky town treated its audience to a sensation the other night. Toward the close of the performance one of the company posted in a stage box began ridiculing the female singers. They did the indignation act to perfection. One of the men left the stage to punish and eject the ruffian. There was a terrible hand-to-hand conflict in the box, and then the men leaped out of the box window, one holding a pistol, which he fired. The audience was stampeded, tumbling over each other in their efforts to get out. The negroes in the gallery were frantic, and nearly broke their necks trying to get away. Peace officers ran hither and thither, and a regular panic prevailed. It was some time before it was discovered to be a stage "gag." It came very near being a serious business for the comedian in the box. More than one pistol was drawn to avenge the wrongs of the insulted ladies on the stage.

A doorkeeper at a recent dramatic performance in Knoxville, Ill., gave a password instead of doorchecks to those who left the building before the curtain rose. Within a short time every one in town knew the password, and before the first act was over the house was crowded to suffocation.

Alta Norman, the new American soprano, had a narrow escape from death near Edgerton, Ind., last Sunday week. The Lake Shore train on which she was traveling to Quincy was fired upon by an unknown miscreant. The bullet crashed through a window at which the lady sat and passed through her hat, but she escaped unharmed. Miss Norman displayed great heroism during this trying ordeal. She will preserve the bullet as a memento.

Poor "Harry Lee" was on needles and pins the other day when pressing his suit against Fanny Davenport for a week's salary. Ed. Price, who is a constant reader of this column and swears by it, asked "Harry" what his real name was. The luckless Israelite turned purple, and tearfully asked the Judge if he had to answer. The Judge, in the language of the Colonel, responded: "Why, certainly!" Whereupon poor "Harry" blushing confessed that his real name was Harris Rosenzweig—a good enough name, which he needs not have been ashamed of.

"Harry," poor fellow, seems to be thoroughly ashamed of all his family ties. Why else should he have employed his own brother as a valet and made him go round in livery?

Tab! It's enough to turn an honest American stomach this procession of English adventuresses and their "protectors." Mrs. Langtry, famous because suspected of being the mistress of the Prince of Wales, has half a column devoted to her arrival on a Canardier by each of the morning papers, and walks down the gang plank leaning on the arm of Mr. Frederick May, recently arrested for being drunk and disorderly in a princely way. "Miss" Violet Cameron is advertised in two-column articles, and an extra-sensational "boom" is effected for her by bringing her husband and her Lord "protector" together over a gin fizz. It's worse than tartar emetic, by a good deal.

In London Irving lives in Bond street, just opposite Long's, the old inn where Lord Byron and Sir Walter Scott breakfasted together once—the only occasion on which these two great authors ever met. Ellen Terry lives miles away in Kensington. Henry Irving's wife lives at Brompton. She is a slender, sad-looking woman, who bears a slight resemblance in matter of style and general get-up to the divine Ellen, though Miss Terry is a blonde and Mrs. Henry Irving is a brunette.

Lilly Post's suit for divorce from her husband, Frank B. Blair, has long been expected. The case will be privately heard in Philadelphia. Miss Post is a San Francisco girl, who went on the stage in 1879 at Emelle Melville's suggestion. Josephine in "Pinafore" was her first success. She and Blair were married in 1878 and twins were the result of their union. They have been separated some time. Blair is a good enough comedian, better known in the far west than here. Nate Salsbury has him engaged for "The Troubadours."

Miss Alice Lorimer, playing a part in Mr. Mayo's Norlock Company, is a niece of Thomas Murphy, formerly Collector of the Port of New York, and an esteemed friend of Gen. Grant. Miss Lorimer lost her fortune in the Grant-Ward failure, and is pretty and clever enough to make another on the stage.

Jack Haverly, in spite of the sneers of the small fry who owe him borrowed money, has snatched Cheltenham Beach, Chicago, out of the jaws of bankruptcy. WOODEN SPOON.

#### OUR PICTURES.

The Chief Events of the Week Pictorially Delineated.

##### Masked Burglars.

Burglars entered the house of John Park, in Kerrtown, near Meadville, Pa., at 2 o'clock the morning of Sept. 15, and after terribly abusing the inmates, succeeded in carrying off \$1,500 in cash, which had been secreted in the house. The two masked robbers entered Mrs. Park's room, and with pistol and knife demanded her money. She was knocked down, but upon regaining consciousness, under threats of death, told where the money was concealed. Her husband, coming to the rescue, was also knocked down, and left stunned and bleeding. Mrs. Park finally succeeded in reaching the house of a neighbor, but the villains had made good their escape. Officers are in pursuit, and the neighborhood is greatly aroused at the bold outrage.

##### A Row Between Turfmen.

The morning of Sept. 7th at the race course, Louisville, Ky., some excitement was created by O. O. West, Western agent of the Dwyer Bros., of Brooklyn, attempting to shoot J. S. Brannin, owner of Boot-black and other racers. West had used obscene language to Brannin's son about allowing Bootblack to be exercised in his (West's) paddock. West was excited over the affair when the elder Brannin came up and remonstrated. The two began quarrelling, when West drew a revolver and fired, the shot missing Brannin, who clinched with West, who pressed the pistol into Brannin's stomach, but the hammer caught in his coat and Brannin twisted it out of the way, the ball grazing the flesh. They were then separated and have expressed regret over the affair.

##### Police Fire at a Peabody Mob.

Four police officers were detailed the night of Sept. 22, at Peabody, Mass., to escort John Osborn, a non-union workman, from Proctor's tannery to the Salem line, whence he was to be taken to his house by Salem officers. On the way toward Salem a mob of 500 strikers, who had gathered, began throwing stones at Osborn, one of which, thrown by Jack Welch, struck Officer Peasley in the back. Welch was at once arrested and the mob began pelting the officers with stones. The police then fired four shots into the crowd, wounding it. It is said, a boy named Edward Cassidy. Two or three other persons are reported as being slightly wounded. After the police fired the crowd fell back. Welch was taken to the station house and was subsequently released on bail. Osborn was safely conducted to his destination.

##### A Chattanooga Raid.

One of the biggest raids ever made in Chattanooga, Tenn., was successfully accomplished by Sheriff Conner and his deputies Sunday morning week. They had suspected for months that white women from Cincinnati and other cities had congregated at one of the famous resorts just outside of the city limits. About midnight the officers swooped down upon their place, and, although many succeeded in escaping, they captured twenty-two, nearly half of whom were white women. There was not a white man among the dozen males captured. The entire party was taken to the Court House at 3 o'clock Sunday morning. The Justice who was called to preside held court until the middle of Sunday forenoon, when the congregation of the Shiloh Baptist church came in for services and court was adjourned. It was resumed next morning, and all of the white women were sent to the workhouse.

##### A Devilish Deed.

A middle-aged man, William O'Fallen, went into a saloon opposite the Union Depot, St. Joseph, Mo., the other night, and after sitting there a short time fell asleep, when some person or persons unknown saturated his clothes with coal oil, struck a match and set fire to it. In a frenzy of pain O'Fallen ran into the street.

Several bystanders tried to quench the fire by wrapping their coats around him, but in vain. A street car came along, and the driver had a blanket, which he pitched into the mud and water of the street and wrapped the man in its damp folds. This extinguished the fire. A patrol wagon was called and the man was taken to the hospital. At last accounts he was still unconscious. The oil had been poured on the back of his neck and the flesh on his back and limbs was roasted. All efforts to learn who the guilty persons are have proved futile.

##### A Big Drop.

Professor Leroux leaped from the Arch street museum, Philadelphia, at 12:30 Sept. 17, to the street, a distance of 150 feet. He is thirty years old, 5 feet 10 inches tall, of athletic build, was dressed in blue tights, and had on a pair of common laced shoes. He has achieved considerable reputation as a jumper from balloons, having made about thirty such leaps, and having jumped from High Bridge in New York, and also from a bridge in Paterson, N. J. He was aided in his feat by a parachute-like apparatus attached to a wire leading across the street. He seized the hook at the bottom of the parachute, and was carried by it over the street, and when it was over the spot where the jumper desired to drop, he let go of the rope and immediately he and the parachute shot downward like a cannon ball for about thirty feet when the parachute filled and the speed slackened. The strong wind blew him over into the crowd, in the midst of which he descended with a rush. The people in the immediate vicinity tried to open a space but the pressure would not let them, and Leroux struck a boy with his knee which toppled him over and caused him to strike his head against another of the crowd, cutting a gash in his forehead just over the left eye from which blood flowed freely. Otherwise the leap was a complete success.

He declared he was not hurt and started for New York to fill his engagements.

##### JACK DAVIS.

[With Portrait.]

Every one in Colorado who dabbles in sporting matters and keeps themselves posted on prize ring ethics, knows Jack Davis the pugilist, whose portrait we present in this issue. Davis recently fought John P. Clow, and owing to the unsatisfactory ending of the battle his backer has posted \$100 forfeit with a challenge in the POLICE GAZETTE to meet Clow again.



## THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



Mrs. Pauline Mittelstedt.

Mrs. Pauline Mittelstedt arrived last week in Chicago, from Reed City, Mich., in charge of Detective Struëbig, charged with murder. Detective Struëbig says that she admits having killed the babe whose body was found just two months ago in the alley between Broadway and Market and Onelda and Biddle streets. The motive for the murder, she says, was a money consideration of \$300 promised her by the mother of the child.

The latter gave her name as Carrie Porter. She gave birth to the child at Mrs. Mittelstedt's private lying-in hospital, 274 Fifth street, and Mrs. Mittelstedt admits having taken it from the house on the night of July 5. Although the authorities say that she admits the murder, she has hopes of escaping punishment. She claims that, according to a newspaper account, the body was found on the morning of July 5, and at that time, she says, the child was alive. However, the mention of this date was due to a mistake, and if Mrs. Mittelstedt finds no better evidence, this will prove but a weak thread for the defence.

What the woman appears particularly put out about, is the fact that she did not receive a cent of the promised money—not even \$15 per week charged during the mother's confinement. The young mother of the child had suddenly disappeared, and Mrs. Mittelstedt spent a week in Whitewater searching for her, but obtained no traces and returned, convinced that the girl had given a fictitious name, and that she was not from Whitewater.

Mrs. Mittelstedt is apparently thirty-five years of age. Her portrait appears above. She is of medium build, dresses neatly and is apparently well educated. She has been married three times, but has lived with her mother for some time past. Detroit, she says, is her home, but before coming to Milwaukee she lived in Northern Wisconsin.

## Trying Pastor Staunton.

The Brooklyn Presbytery reassembled Sept. 27 in special session in the Franklin Avenue Presbyterian Church for the trial of the Rev. Benjamin Staunton, the pastor of the Fort Green Presbyterian Church. The Rev. Dr. Talmage presided, and the Rev. L. R. Foote and the Rev. N. W. Walls were counsel for the prosecution, and the Rev. Dr. H. S. Carpenter and the Rev. J. W. Hageman for Staunton. Lawyer Tenny, who is counsel for Mrs. Staunton in her suit for divorce, was present. The witnesses who had previously refused to obey the citation of the Presbytery by Mr. Tenny's advice had seats in the rear. It was arranged that the sessions should be held daily from 2½ P. M. to 5½ until the close of the trial.

The Rev. M. Foote then read the complaint preferred by the Presbyterian Church of the United States against the Rev. Mr. Staunton for conduct unbecoming a minister. The first specification is that Mr. Staunton, in February, 1886, laid violent hands on his wife Caroline, and left the dents of his fingers on her throat, thus causing what she feared at the time might prove fatal injuries. The second specification is that he harbored at his home a certain woman and bestowed on her and received from her such attentions as caused his wife to suspect his faithfulness, and rendered her unhappy.

Mr. Staunton pleaded not guilty. The Rev. Mr. Foote read a letter recently written by Mrs. Staunton saying that even then she would not appear to testify against her husband if it were not for the sake of religion. She would, she said, long ago have brought him to justice had she not preferred to leave him in the hands of the Almighty. Mr. Foote said it would be the painful duty of the prosecution to introduce the name of Mrs. Mary Laidler, the woman referred to in the second specification. It would be proved that the relations between Mrs. Laidler and Mr. Staunton were such as could not fail to make his wife unhappy and make her suspect her husband. A letter, which Mrs. Staunton wrote to Mrs. Laidler, and a copy of which she sent to each member of the session of the Fort Greene church, requesting her to absent herself from the church, as she was the cause of much trouble between her and her husband, was also read. In closing, Mr. Foote said that Mrs. Staunton had passed through a crucible of womanly suffering terrible to contemplate, but that the most inhuman act on the part of her husband was his repudiation of his solemn obligation to give her support and maintenance after their separation. Counsel for the defense and several members of the Presbytery, including the Moderator, frequently interrupted Mr. Foote with protests against the bitterness of his remarks.

John E. Trevor, of 141 North Portland avenue, a brother of Mrs. Staunton, testified:

While Mr. and Mrs. Staunton were living at 122 Linden street, in the summer and fall of 1884, I was a

visitor at their house. Mrs. Mary Laidler was also there. Mr. Staunton told me that Mrs. Laidler was the only good-hearted woman in his congregation, and that she had given him board and a home during his wife's absence. He said that she had had great trouble with her husband, and that they had separated, and that he (Staunton) was a witness of the deed of separation. He said Mrs. Laidler was a fine lady, a magnificent singer, with an angel voice, a woman of not many words, but of great action. After passing this eulogy on Mrs. Laidler, he said: "John, I think Carrie (Mrs. Staunton) ought to invite Mrs. Laidler to stop with us, as she has no home. I have given her permission to put her furniture in our house."

At this time my sister was absent in Saratoga. Mrs. Laidler seemed to be general superintendent in the house. She presided at the table. I assisted in putting her furniture and pictures up stairs. Mrs. Laidler put up some green plums in preserve. When Mr. Staunton arranged to go for his wife to Saratoga it was understood that he would go by the boat. Mr. Staunton went up stairs and called Mrs. Laidler up. I saw her go up, and both went into the small room and closed the door. They remained there ten, fifteen, or twenty minutes. Mr. Staunton came down stairs slogging, and almost directly Mrs. Laidler came down. Mr. Staunton, pointing to the piano, said: "Mrs. Laidler, won't you oblige us with a piece?" I said: "Ben, don't you know your fooling your time away?" He missed the boat and had to go by train.

Mrs. Laidler was in the house when Mr. and Mrs. Staunton came from Saratoga. I told my sister to object to the presence of Mrs. Laidler in the house. Mr. Staunton and Mrs. Laidler used to sit up very late at night together, and my sister said to me one day: "John, I don't like the looks of things here; I have seen things with Mr. Staunton and Mrs. Laidler which lead me to suspect that he is at his old games."

There was a terrible scene after my sister requested Mrs. Laidler to leave. Mr. Staunton began a tirade of abuse, and continued it for over a quarter of an hour. He said everything outside of swearing. Among other things he said: "You infamous woman, how dare you insult a friend of mine in my house? She is a better woman than you are?" A little later my sister asked him to come and have a cup of coffee, and he asked a blessing on the meal. When the meal was over, he got up, and, placing his hand in his vest pocket, took out a greenback and a silver piece, and placing them on the table in front of his wife, said: "Madame, take this and leave the house to-night. Go home and help your mother milk the cows. Your child remains with me. Unless you apologize to the lady upstairs I will insist on your leaving the house."

That night Mr. Staunton went to prayer meeting with Mrs. Laidler. I told my sister to hang on to the man for the sake of her child, and by my advice she asked Mrs. Laidler to remain. Mr. Staunton's treatment of his wife was very severe. He showed no affectionate regard, while his wife was at a most sweet and affectionate disposition. At the table I have seen him make his wife very uncomfortable, and then laugh with Mrs. Laidler about it.

On cross-examination, conducted by Dr. Carpenter, the witness said:

"I never saw any love making or caresses. When Mr. Staunton and Mrs. Laidler went to the little room up stairs on the eve of his departure for Saratoga I did not hear them moving any furniture. I never saw Mr. Staunton kiss Mrs. Laidler. I thought it was improper for Mr. Staunton to laugh at his wife."

Dr. Carpenter—We don't deny the laughing.

Mr. Staunton—I do deny it most emphatically.

Mrs. Maria Pratt, of 124 Linden street was the next witness. When she composedly took her seat beside the Moderator, Dr. Carpenter said: "This is the washerwoman in the case." Mr. Foote took strong exception to the remark, and for a few moments a breeze swept over the presbytery. The witness said:

"I was employed by Mrs. Staunton to clean the house and take care of it until her return from Saratoga. Two weeks after his wife went away Mr. Staunton came and got the key. I saw Mrs. Laidler at the house, but did not notice anything wrong between her and Mr. Staunton. Mrs. Staunton complained of her husband's treatment, but said that she did not like to give him any trouble about it, for fear of injuring the church. Mrs. Staunton said that Mrs. Laidler had been acting too free, and that she (Mrs. Staunton) had seen her lie with her head in Mr. Staunton's lap."

## SHOT BY HER HUSBAND.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On the Whittemore ranch, near Golden, early the other morning H. B. Whittemore shot his wife twice, thinking she was a burglar. One ball entered her neck and the other the right shoulder. The story of the shooting, as told by Mr. Whittemore, is as follows:

"When we retired I had \$400 with which to pay a debt. This I hid just before I went to sleep. I remember my wife said she could not wear the new flannels she had on and would have to change them. About 1 o'clock in the morning I was suddenly awakened by a noise in the room and saw a dark form between me and the window. I immediately thought of my money and was certain that burglars were in the house. I raised myself in bed and fired. The figure came straight toward me and I fired again. We then clinched and I discovered that it was my wife, who had got up to change her flannels and who I had mistaken for a thief."

Mrs. Whittemore in whose presence the story was told, was asked if it was correct. She nodded assent and tried to speak, but could not, although she made the most piteous attempts to do so. The husband is almost crazed with grief. No arrests will be made, as everybody is convinced that the shooting was accidental. The physicians say it is impossible for the woman to recover.

## A FIENDISH STEPMOTHER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

One of the most fiendish acts that was ever committed in Plains township, near Wilkesbarre, Pa., occurred last Sunday morning at the residence of Bartley Cain. On the night previous Mrs. Cain, who, by the way, is a stepmother in the family, had a quarrel with her stepson William. On Sunday morning, while the boy was engaged blacking his shoes near the cooking stove, Mrs. Cain sought opportunity and took a pot of boiling hot tea and threw the contents upon the boy, scalding him severely upon the right breast and arm. His father had just left the house and was on his way to the butcher shop. Hearing the boy scream, he hastened back to the house and found him writhing in pain from the effects of the scalding. His cries attracted the attention of the near neighbors also, and they came in to see what the trouble was. As soon as the woman did the brutal act she left the

house, and it was well for her that she did, for the father of the boy would have torn her to pieces. Her intention was to scald the boy's eyes out, but he escaped without much injury about the head and face, having only a spot here and there about the chin, head and neck.

## BARTHOLOMEW AND PLUNKETT.

[With Portrait.]

A few weeks ago the disappearance of Thomas F. Plunkett caused somewhat of a sensation in Hartford, Conn. It was predicted in business circles that Mr. George M. Bartholomew would suffer by the sudden departure of Plunkett, but hardly had the public time to consider the latter's flight, before it was announced that George M. Bartholomew himself had crossed the American line to Canada, and was enjoying the repose necessary to a man, some \$300,000 behind in his affairs. This second announcement has supplied Connecticut with a general earthquake, which the good people have not as yet recovered from. Both men held responsible positions in society, in church matters and in the business world especially. Bartholomew was the president of the Charter Oak Life Insurance Company, the Hartford Silk Mills, and several other important and large interests. We publish in this issue excellent portraits from photographs of both the sleight-of-hand operators.

## CONVICTS AT THE POST.

Slight convicts, sentenced at the present term of the Newcastle County Court, Del., were publicly punished in the jail yard at Newcastle on Sept. 25. Edward Burns, convicted of assault with intent to kill, stood in the pillory for an hour. John Simmons, John W. Demby and Joseph Smith, colored, convicted of larceny, were whipped, each receiving 100 lashes. Lewis Pyle, white, and William B. Stearns, colored, also convicted of larceny, received ten and five lashes respectively. Harry Smith and Frank Hall, of Philadelphia, convicted of horse stealing, each received twenty lashes and stood in the pillory for one hour. The lash was applied lightly and no blood was drawn. About 300 spectators were present.

## FANNIE BLOODGOOD.

[With Portrait.]

Miss Fannie Bloodgood was born in the classic city of Hartford, Conn., in 1863, and received a very liberal education. She is an artist of great ability in her line, and during the four years of her professional experience has appeared to crowded houses and been wonderfully successful. Miss Bloodgood is a handsome blonde, has a petite figure, lots of chic, a fine stage presence, unlimited wardrobe and is popular everywhere. She has recently joined a combination under the name of "The Little Hall Burlesque and Fannie Bloodgood Specialty Co.," and will open at the Standard theatre, St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 3, under the management of Geo. H. Bussey.

## A MEXICAN LOSES HIS WIFE.

The morning of Sept. 25 five armed men entered the residence of a Mexican at Laredo, Texas, during the progress of a dance and forcibly carried away the wife of the proprietor. The desperadoes were followed down the river and two of them, Gonzales and Contreras, were arrested. From them it is learned that the gang is part of El Coyote's band, under the leadership of Marcial Benalides, who succeeded in eluding pursuit. The woman is supposed to be with Benalides against her will. No special cause for the kidnapping is known.

## TOM CAMPBELL.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of Tom Campbell, of Leadville, Col., a noted sporting man and boniface. Campbell is the backer of Jack Davis, who recently fought John P. Clow, and who is about to ratify another match with Clow. Campbell is very popular in Colorado.

## THE HURON CHAMPION HOOKS.

[With Portrait.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of the champion hook and ladder team of Huron, Mich., who have made wonderful time and won numerous contests.

## GEORGE H. ADAMS.

[With Portrait.]

A capital portrait of this clever young acrobatic comedian will be found elsewhere.

## JUGANDO LA LOTERIA.

The Good Fortune of Two Cuban Merchants of New York.

A representative of the *Itayune* had the pleasure of meeting on Wednesday last Senor Eduardo Marquez del Pino and Senor Lazaro Vila, two Cuban gentlemen, residents of New York, where they are engaged in the tobacco business at No. 322 East Thirtieth street.

Mr. Vila is a nephew by marriage of Mr. Augustin Hernandez of this city. He has visited New Orleans before, having spent some time here during the Cotton Centennial Exposition. The object which brought these visitors to New Orleans was the collection of the sum of \$10,000 from the Louisiana State Lottery Company, to which they were entitled by virtue of holding one-half of ticket No. 72,480, which drew the third capital prize of \$20,000 in the drawing of the 14th inst. The writer was present when they received from the company a check for \$10,000 on the New Orleans National Bank, and accompanied them to that institution, where the cashier handed them nine crisp, smooth bills for \$1,000 each, and the remaining thousand in smaller notes.

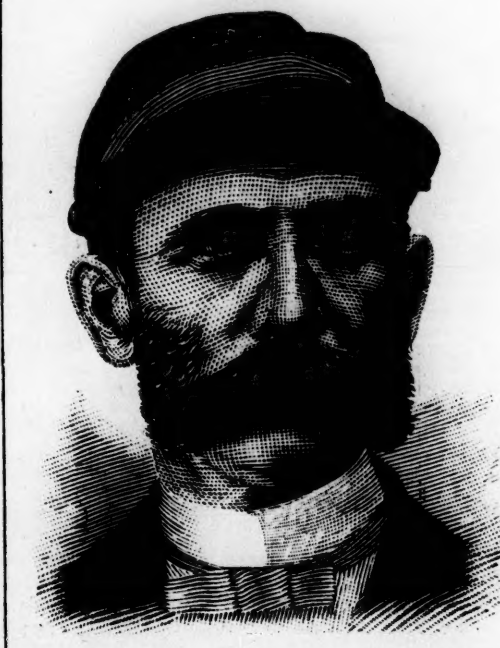
Senor Marquez del Pino said that he and his friend had long been purchasers of lottery tickets, and had been very lucky, he, himself, having already won three large prizes. They found *jugando la loteria* a profitable diversion and would continue to invest in tickets, being sanguine of more successes in the future.

Both gentlemen are men in the prime of life, and prosperous in their business. They will return to New York in a few days much pleased with their experience in the Crescent City.—*New Orleans (La.) Picayune*, Sept. 25.

It may not be such a soft snap scooping in the New York players next season as some of the club managers anticipate. The courts may have something to say.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

The Men and Women Who Find Pictorial Fame in These Columns.



Capt. William H. Van Schaick, whose strong face appears at the head of this column, is the gallant commander of the large excursion steamer Grand Republic, and one of the most popular skippers in the harbor.

## Charles A. Summers.

Until recently Charles Summers was the dude masher of Columbus, O. He worked the barber shop at the Park Hotel, and is said to have got the best or a number of business men and an estimable young lady who placed considerable confidence in the nobby shaver. They mourn his departure, which took place so suddenly a few days ago.

## Lulu Burns and Mamie Kennedy.

Savin Rock, a summer resort, near New Haven, had a decided sensation a few weeks ago, a full account of which has already appeared in the local daily press. The young ladies who played the leading parts were Miss Lulu Burns and Miss Mamie Kennedy, who invited Johnnie Dodds, the famous roller skater, and his pal, Ridge, the poloist, to spend a night at a pretty summer cottage in which the Burns family were stopping. The elder Burns returned at the most interesting moment and found the young men in a rather strange situation with the young ladies. The late parent chased the lightly-clad figures of the dudes up the public streets with a baseball club, but they succeeded in making their escape by the light of the moon.

## Charles E. Jemison, alias Wolfe.

Two years ago Charles Eugene Jemison, alias Wolfe, who claims to hail from Harrisburg, Pa., and said he was in the employ of Boyer, an artist of that city, canvassed Glen Gardner, N. J., to take orders for the enlarging of small photographs. Among the residences he visited was that of Peter Myres. Laura was at home at the time and gave Wolfe an order for an oil painting. Jemison is a young man, and is rather handsome. His right hand was crushed in a reaper some years ago and was amputated. He is a confirmed lady killer. He extended his call to Miss Myres longer than was necessary, and asked to call again. His request was granted, and until the first day of May he was a frequent visitor. He proposed marriage, and Laura, on being satisfied as to his ability to support her, accepted him.

On Sunday, the 25th of April, they were married at the residence of the bride. On Tuesday following he went to Jersey City, and on his return said he had sold out his business. He was going to New York city, where he expected to secure a situation with a firm as Pennsylvania collector. Mrs. Victor Schooley, a sister of the bride, who was visiting her father's at the time, gave Wolfe some money to purchase some needed articles. That was the last time the family saw Wolfe. Early in May he wrote to his young bride that he had engaged with the New York firm and would make his first collecting tour throughout Eastern Pennsylvania. He was very affectionate in his letter, calling Laura his "own little wife," and telling her to address her letters to him at Reading, Pa., where he would stop for some time; but not a word did he say about Mrs. Schooley's money. His wife wrote to him as requested, directing her letters to Reading, but received no answers. Fearing an accident might have befallen him she wrote to Postmaster Calvin Goodman, of Reading, for information. The postmaster answered, stating that Wolfe had been there, but had left, requesting the delivery clerk to forward his mail to Jersey City.

The next heard of Wolfe was from a young lady who was visiting at Plainfield, N. J. She said that she had seen him and that he had a wife and two children living in that city. The deserted wife went to her pastor for advice. The Rev. Mr. Lake wrote to the Rev. Mr. Snyder, of Arendtville, Pa., for information. Mr. Snyder replied:

"Have been making inquiries concerning Charles E. Wolfe, as requested. Have learned that his name is not Wolfe, but Jemison. His mother's maiden name was Wolfe. Cannot tell you where he is. His record as a young man was not good. He is said to have been intemperate in his habits."

Rev. Mr. Lake heard that Wolfe was under arrest at Scranton for some crime, and wrote to Chief of Police Wade inquiring about the matter. He received the following reply from the chief:

"I do not know of any person like you describe being under arrest here. A one armed man has been wanted here by officers from another county on a charge of assault on a girl, but I believe has not yet been found. He is not of the same name, however, as the one you give."

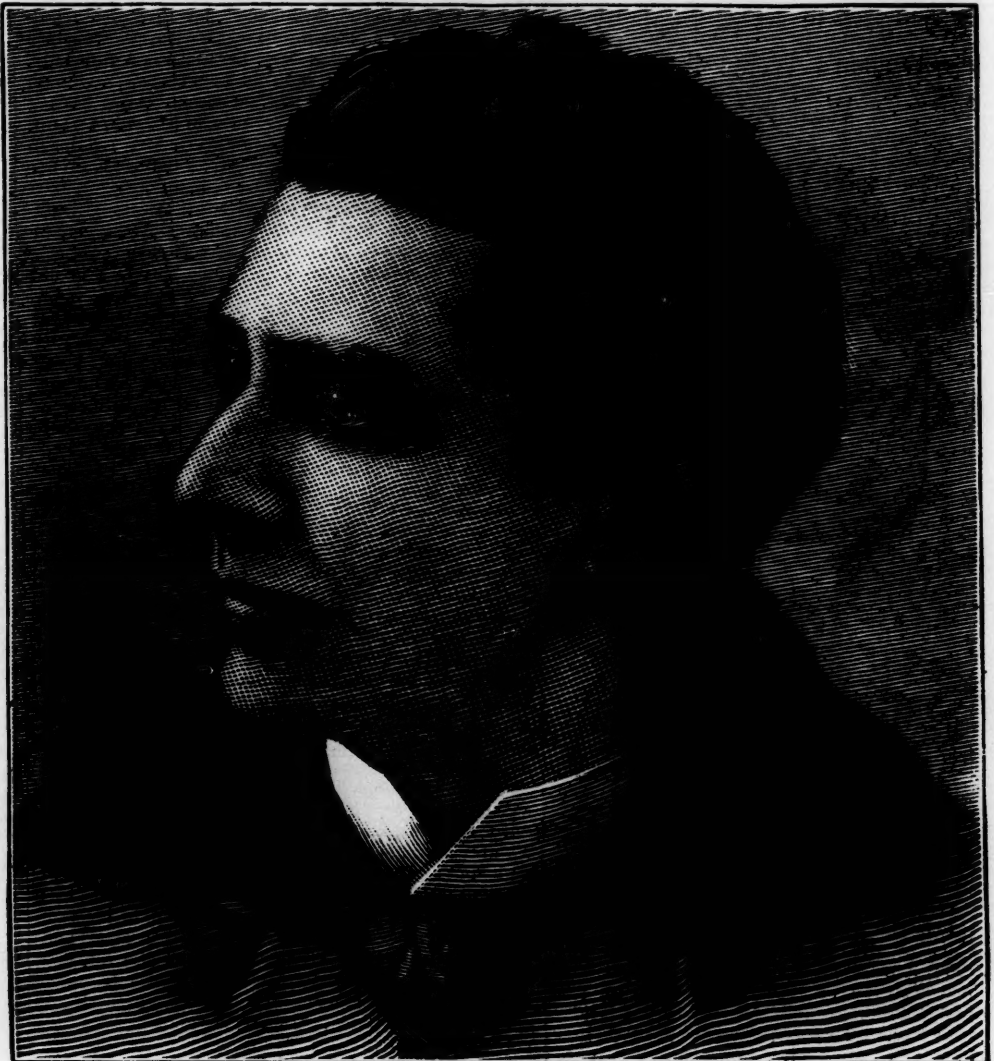
The Glen Gardner people think that this "one-armed" man and Wolfe are the same person.





FANNY BLOODGOOD.

THE CHARMING LITTLE ACTRESS NOW OF THE LILLIE HALL & FANNY BLOODGOOD SPECIALTY COMPANY.



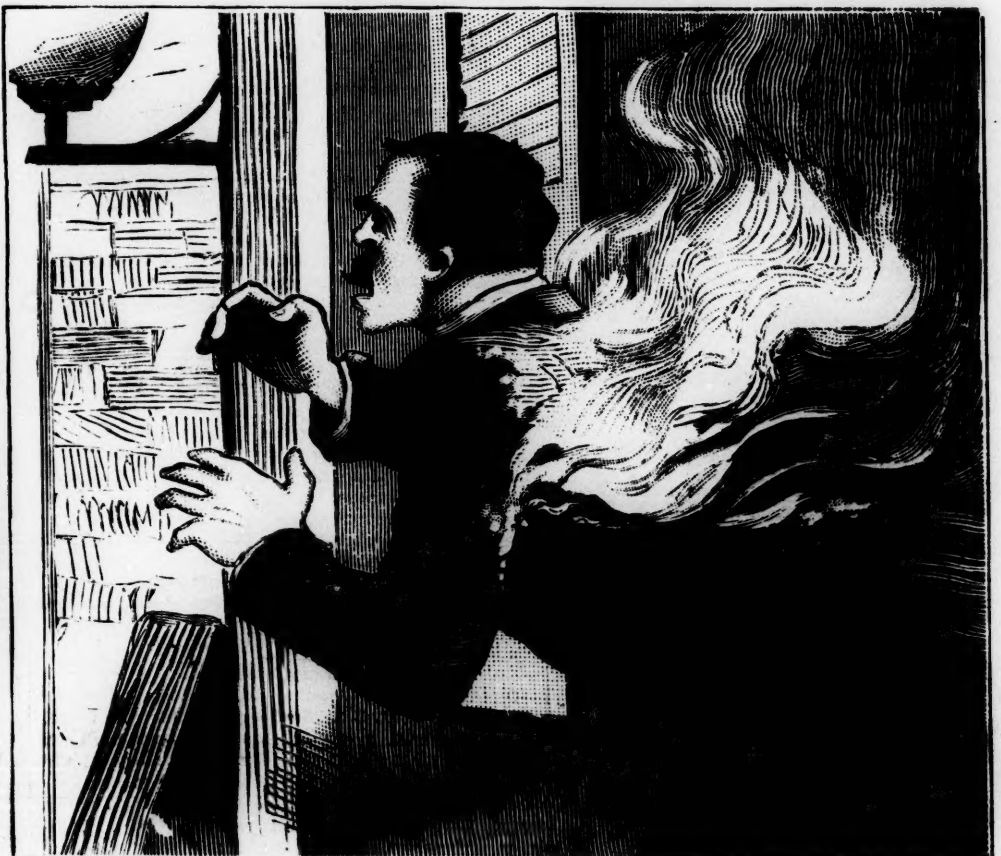
GEORGE H. ADAMS,

THE CLEVER AND ACTIVE YOUNG COMEDIAN WHO HAS MADE A GREAT HIT IN "THE MISSING LINK."



BULL AND TRICYCLE

THE UNITED STATES MAIL CARRIERS AT EUREKA, NEV., HAVE A TUSSELE WITH A HERD OF CATTLE.



A DEVILISH DEED.

SOME UNKNOWN MISCREANT SETS FIRE TO A DRUNKEN MAN'S CLOTHING AT ST. JOSEPH, MO.



LULU BURNS,

THE YOUNG LADY WHO PLAYED THE LEADING PART IN A SENSATION AT SAVIN ROCK, CONN.



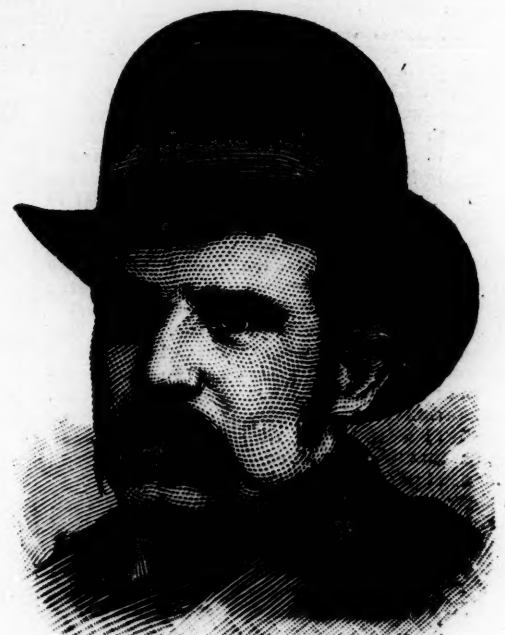
MAMIE KENNEDY,

MISS BURNS' COMPANION IN THE MIDNIGHT CHASE AT SAVIN ROCK, CONN.



CHARLES A. SUMMERS,

A DUDE MASHING BARBER WANTED FOR SEVERAL REASONS AT COLUMBUS, OHIO.



CHARLES E. JEMISON, ALIAS WOLFE,

THE DASHING DRUMMER WHO DECEIVED A PRETTY MAIDEN OF GLEN GARDNER, N. J.





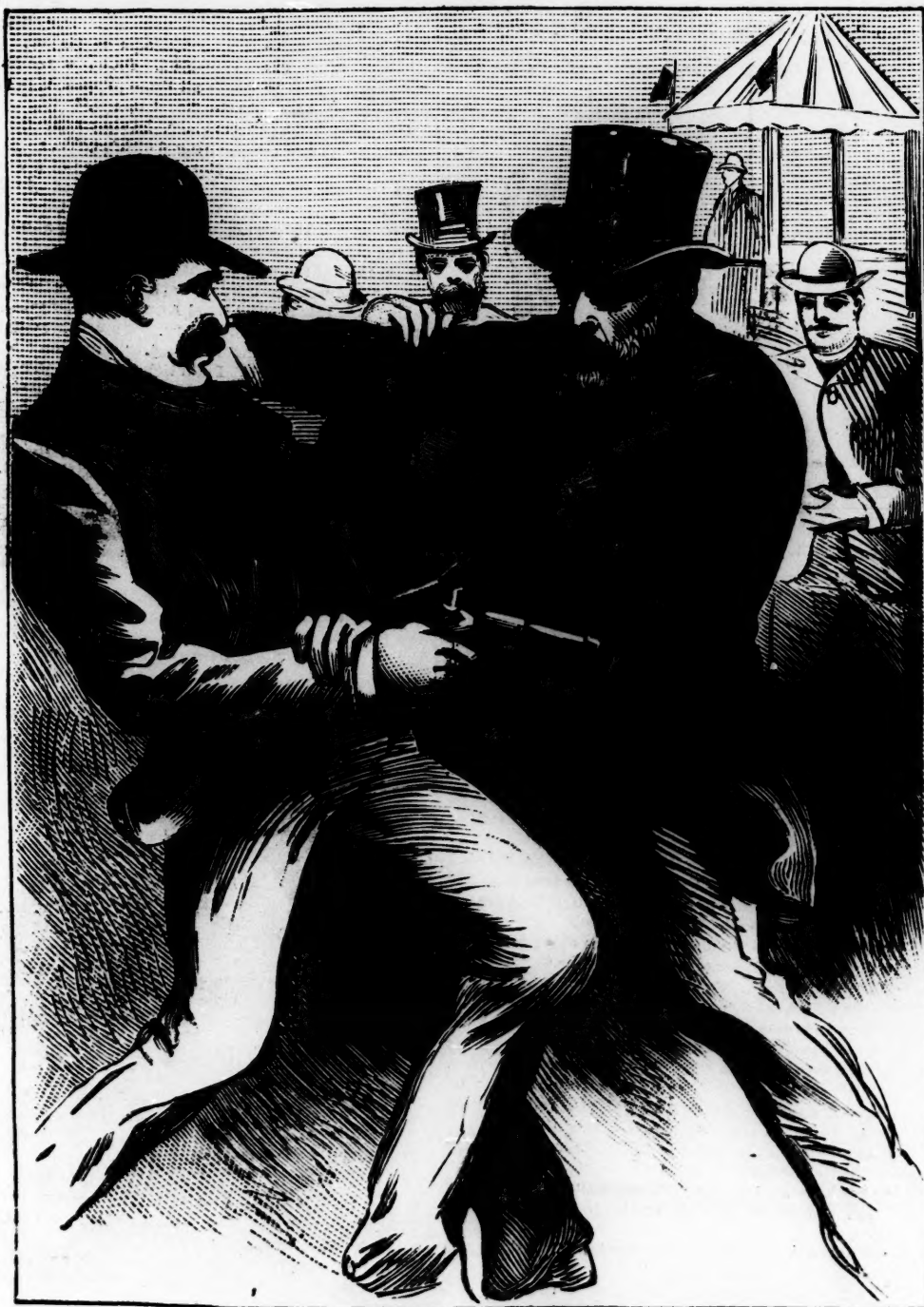
A BIG SWEEP.

THE SHERIFF OF CHATTANOOGA, TENN., CLEARS UP A TOUGH DIVE FULL OF CINCINNATI OUTCASTS



A SHE SCALDER.

A FIENDISH STEPMOTHER ATTEMPTS TO BLIND HER STEPSON BY THROWING A POT OF BOILING TEA IN HIS EYES, PLAINS TOWNSHIP NEAR WILKESBARRE, PA.



ALMOST A MURDER.

A LUCKY ACCIDENT SAVES THE LIFE OF J. S. BRANNIN ON THE RACE-COURSE AT LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.



A HAUGHTY COON.

HE KILLS YOUNG LUCIUS MOTLEY OF NORTH DANVILLE, VA., BECAUSE HE WASN'T ASKED TO DRINK.



# A HELL-HOLE.

The Lunatic Asylum at Flatbush, Brooklyn, New York.

## COOKING A CRIPPLE.

How the Pauper Insane of the City of Churches are Housed and Mal-treated Near Brooklyn.

Patrick McCarthy was fatally scalded at the Flatbush Lunatic Asylum on Saturday week last. McCarthy was suffering from dementia and partial paralysis. He was placed by his keeper, Charles M. Edgerton, in a bath tub filled with scalding hot water. He died from the effects of his injuries on Sunday. Coroner Menninger's attention was called to the death of the patient McCarthy. He investigated the



Starting out.

matter personally. He was able to ascertain "that Patrick McCarthy died in a very peculiar manner."

A ward of a county hotted to death by an attendant is considered "peculiar" even by a coroner. Verily, a Daniel come to judgment.

The upshot of this investigation was that Charles M. Edgerton was arrested on a charge of manslaughter. "The Charities Commissioners," runs the story, "were greatly exercised over the case."

Wonderful! But what did they do? They sought for the scapegoat.

"We have trusted the immediate management of the asylum's affairs to Dr. Shaw, the medical superintendent," said President Ray. "We hire no nurses ourselves and know really nothing about them. We hire a superintendent to govern the institution, and if he neglects his duties we shall endeavor to ascertain the reason."

Dr. Shaw needs no introduction. He is not a resident superintendent. Why? Because he will not jeopardize his health by living in the institution! Yet there are 611 male and 870 female patients, be-



Listening to the pandemonium.

sides 50 female nurses and 60 male nurses, whose lives are exposed to the health-destroying agents from which he shrinks to expose himself and family! Are 1,500 lives criminally exposed to the fumes of health or is Dr. Shaw entitled to be a patient in this very benevolent institution supported by the citizens of Kings county?

To thousands the high ascending flight of stone stairs leading to the great hall door of the lunatic asylum are doubtless distressingly familiar. So is the office to the right, with its massive books of record, and the bare parlor on the left where Dr. Shaw receives visitors. Into this room the reporter was taken. Two gasjets were actively competing to give a minimum of light and a clock ticked on the mantelpiece in a crazy sort of way. In the hall a circling bat dashed its desperate head against the walls.

"I shall take you through the institution from top to bottom," said Dr. Shaw. "I will show you where McCarthy was bathed by Edgerton. I will point out to you everything which escapes your notice. I will answer all your questions and heartily invite them. I beg of you to examine everything, and I will assist you. This place is a place of abomination. It is a disgrace to civilization. I want the public to know what kind of a hole it is. I will show what the difficulties are I labor under, and I will show exactly what I do with the material I am given, and you may judge whether my management, as far as my means go, can be improved upon."

Saying this Dr. Shaw put a bunch of keys into his pocket.



A crowded bed room.

"Get a lantern, Shannon," he said to a strapping young fellow. "That is my chief clerk," he remarked. In the hall the bat still dashed violently against the wall and scooted along as the lantern's disturbing rays fell upon it. Out came the Doctor's keys and a door opened. Behind the party it closed with a click. The party were in a long corridor with many doors opening off it. At the end was a solitary light.

"We save our gas," remarked the Doctor. The reporter examined upward of twenty beds, occupied and unoccupied, and every bed was absolutely clean.

"These beds," continued the Doctor, pulling a tape measure from his pocket, "are over thirty-two inches from the floor. Should a patient fall out, especially an aged person, he would be hurt. They are wholly unsuitable. In many cases we put the bed on the floor."



The ostrich racket.

"How do you know whether the bad nurses watch the patients, treat them kindly or abuse them?"

"By trusting to the four head nurses. They are faithful, responsible women. They go through the wards very regularly and keep an eye on the nurses. The patients are also encouraged to complain to the visiting physicians, who are constantly passing through the wards. I hardly believe any act of unkindness of a brutal kind could be perpetrated without it coming to my knowledge."

"Since you so often employ people as nurses of whom you know nothing, would it be surprising to you if one of those persons should maltreat a patient?"

"No; I can't say I would be surprised exactly, but I think it is hardly probable."

From the room or cell the doctor showed the reporter to the main corridor. Small bundles were rolled up and deposited on the settees. They were the patients' clothing. On every corridor there is a room with two beds, for the nurses: a big closet, where a change of clothing for the patients is kept in lockers, and a small room with a long table, covered with a poor quality of dining cloth, generally full of holes.

"They are so poor," said the nurse, "that they can't stand the washing."

The floors and closets were scrupulously white and clean. The beams of the lantern danced along the walls and penetrated the hidden recesses and darkest corners of the cupboards.



A highly colored case.

"It seems damp and chilly," remarked the reporter.

"It is always so," replied the nurse, "but generally worse."

"Have you no heat, Doctor?"

"We have a furnace. That is the flue," and the doctor pointed to a square 12 by 12 inch grating in the wall, "but it don't give much heat."

Along the long corridor like a crazy will-o'-the-wisp, the truant lantern beams sped along right merrily.

"How many are there in this ward?"

"Forty-two."

And of the forty-two mad creatures, each in her own narrow cell behind locked doors, thirty odd sullenly grumbled in moody madness, or set the echoes flying with wild laughter.

"Here is a woman seventy-two years old, who broke her thigh. She is not violent except at times." The old lady was getting in some very fine notes through her nasal organ.

"See her side and leg are in splints."

Calmly the old woman slept on, ignorant of the inspection she had been subjected to.

"Have you no place to which to send such cases, Doctor?"

"No. We have eight hundred and seventy women in the asylum and fifty-nine women nurses. The premises were erected for the accommodation of eight hundred, and we have fifteen hundred. You can see for yourself that we have no room. Every sitting-room has been turned into a dormitory. We have two cases of typhoid fever in a ward now. There is no place to put the sick. We try to get the sick together, but it don't work. Chance of recovery? A chance—nothing more. Every sick inmate has the chance of recovery against her."

"Suppose you had diphtheria, what would you do?"

"Well, we would be in a pretty mess."

A series of shouts and continuous loud talking rang out. There was something very oldrich in those shouts in that corridor, with its walls covered with dancing shadows.

"It's only Annie, doctor."

"A girl who keeps that up day and night," explained Dr. Shaw to the reporter. "This way into a dormitory."

Out came a thin key. The door closed with a snap.

A figure stood in the middle of the room, evidently startled by the door being opened. The woman sought to hide herself. She adopted the tactics of the ostrich, covering her head with her light, airy garment.

"Come, go to bed," said the nurse, leading her. The feeble creature burst out crying.

Over four other beds in this badly-ventilated, ill-



Hunting the devil.

smelling antechamber the dancing rays of the lantern cavorted, revealing female figures twisted into strange shapes, with bed clothes so curiously entwined about them that it was hard to believe four of God's creatures lay before the party.

The shouts and cries and incessant chatter which came from "only Annie" continued, but louder. Again the key, and another door opened into a larger room. The crisp sound of the catch of the spring lock came, but it did not close out the ringing peal of laughter from the woman who had been but a minute before crying as though in sore distress.

"Here," said the doctor, "you see a room with sixteen beds, which is large enough for four."

The air was foul. The windows were shut fast. A negress with kinky curls slept in a corner bed, with her legs in the bed adjoining. The occupant of the invaded domain of somnolence was coiled up like a dog on a rug, and was giving forth a series of yelps. Her performance was loudly apostrophized by an elderly female in language that did not reflect credit upon a religious trainee.

One young woman arose from the floor between the beds like a spectre.

"I can't sleep, Dr. Shaw, on account of she," piped an old woman, in a high treble, pointing a skinny finger.

"What are you doing, Aunt Jane?" asked the nurse.

"Trying to pull the devil from under the bed," replied the searcher. She secured an article of furniture and held it up. Nine of the sixteen roared with laughter.

"Suppose, doctor, one of these women should start a free fight; is there anything to prevent it?"

"Nothing. The nurses would hear it and come, but by that time some mischief might easily have been

done. We try to avoid that by putting only the harmless together."

"I would like to see Annie," said the reporter.

"Certainly. Let us go to her room. It is the end room on the corridor beyond."

The door was opened with the key. The shouts ceased much as a dog's barks do when he hears his master approach the kennel. In the farthest corner to the right was a straw mattress on the floor. Upon this was a girl in a half sitting position. The bedclothes were neatly drawn across her. Her nightdress slightly unfastened at the throat, revealed a neck which many women might have envied. Her sleeves were drawn up, exposing long, well rounded arms, and fair hands, with taper fingers. Her hands were the hands of a gentlewoman. Poor hands! They had little rest. She wrung them, clapped them violently and tossed her arms into the air. On the bosom of her dress there was blood. The beams of the lantern danced weirdly over the figure, the bed and around the bare room.

"Do I know you?" she said to the reporter. "Do you know me? Do I know you? Do you know me?" The tongue rattled on, but the voice was softened almost to a coo.

"Come here; come to me; come to me," she said stretching out her arm and hand. She was like Marguerite in her dungeon.

There was a dull pallor to the complexion. Below



Annie.

the left eye, there was a black mark, the telltale mark of a blow. On the other cheek there were two slight flesh wounds.

"Who hit you?" asked the reporter. She did not know. The eyes betrayed a faint expression as though she wandered, but the glib tongue ran off into German.

The nurse explained. The girl Annie Ringle had been eating her dinner quietly and rapidly, being a voracious feeder, when her gastronomic race to beat the record was disturbed by the lady on her left, who whacked her in the eye with a tea cup. The assailant had quite forgotten the *contretemps* at dinner. Here tends die fast. The door closed. Dr. Shaw remarked, "It is impossible to watch all these people. When you least expect it they do the worst things."

One hour later the reporter, having gone through many wards and still hearing Annie's voice, requested to go back to her cell. Her voice was as of a woman in a tempest of passion. The door opened, the light flashed into the room. What a scene was there! The mattress had been dragged from its corner and tossed in the centre of the room. The bedclothes were thrown about the apartment, so that it looked in the lantern's light as though there was a dark mound on a field of snow. On this mound stood Annie. She had torn her night garments from her body. She was brandishing her arms and yelling defiance. "Come on! Come on! I am not afraid! I can lick you all!" Then she stood still, with her hands clinched—the right in the air, the left rigid and pushed out behind. Her body, slightly inclined forward, was poised with grace. Her firm, well rounded limbs were surprisingly muscular. As she stood there she looked not as a girl; at all, but as a beautiful piece of marble on a pedestal. The door was closed. "She tears her hair out and eats it," said the nurse.

"Are there no padded cells?" asked your correspondent.

"None. There should be, but there are not. The effect of such a patient upon a ward is very bad," said the Doctor. "She disturbs a great number of patients."



The cellar.

It does them a great deal of harm, aggravating the condition of the simply weak-minded so that they really become lunatics."

The cellars once used for store rooms and coal are now turned into dormitories. Down the white-washed walls tiny streams of water trickle. The ceilings have been torn down as the place was and is infested by rats. The bedclothes of the patients are damp. One cannot stay for an hour in this section of the establishment without being chilled to the bone.

"It is a crying shame to put people down here," said Dr. Shaw. "It is not a fit place for a dog."



## VILLAINOUS.

### The Horrible Cruelties Practised in the Prison Camps of Georgia.

#### WORSE THAN SIBERIA.

### An Outrageous State of Things Un- worthy of American Civilization.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Few people have an idea of the real nature of the Georgia prison camps, where several hundred prisoners were recently in a state of mutiny for alleged mistreatment. The following description from the pen of a gentleman who has visited them, and who has made a study of the prison system of the country, will be of interest. On the northwest corner of Georgia lies the county of Iude. This is known to the neighboring regions as the free State of Dade, owing not only to the wild and mountainous character of the region, whose few and scattered inhabitants are in keeping with their surroundings, but because during the war of the rebellion they openly seceded from the State of Georgia and the Confederacy, and managed to secure a freedom which they virtually maintain to-day. Through this country extends the southern prolongation of the Allegheny coal field, the workable beds of which are near the summit of the high and almost inaccessible mountains. In this wild region are situated the camps where the convicts are employed in mining and coking the coal.

The prison camps are peculiar in themselves, there being nothing like them in civilized countries, except Siberia, save in one or two of the neighboring States. They are the worst form of the Southern prison system, which is undoubtedly the most inhuman and barbarous in America. This system is a result of the impoverishment of the Southern States. It is distinguished from the other three systems of the United States chiefly in this, that the entire personal control of the prisoner is relinquished to the contractor, who, in consideration of so much a year for the entire convict body, takes them, feeds, clothes, guards and maintains them, and in return makes all he can out of them. The only real responsibility to the State is to pay the amount annually agreed upon. In no other prison system in the United States is the State's control over the food, clothing, medical attention and discipline of the prisoner so completely relinquished. No prisoner is ever turned over for a day's labor to the contractor except with the sanction of the State's immediate agents, who at all times have his bodily care in their hands. Such is the theory of the Southern lease system of convict labor. It is readily seen that the margin for abuse is enormous; but what are the facts? Without exaggeration these abuses are the most outrageous that ever blackened a people's history. The lessees, usually men of great influence in political life, have within their hands with no real responsibility, the entire control of the life and death of any wretch who may be confined to their keeping.

The prisoner is looked upon and treated merely as a source of money making, and he is worked to his utmost, upon the cheapest and most unsanitary food, scantily and improperly clothed and housed, chained fifty in a gang, in the most unhygienic manner, mentally and physically, that can be imagined. The death rate is seldom less than ten per cent. of the population and it often exceeds twenty. The deaths are usually from chronic dysentery, the result of improper food; typhoid fever, the result of improper sanitation, consumption and other pulmonary complaints, the result of improper raiment, shelter and ventilation. The Iude county mines practically consist of three prison camps, two upon the mountain top, at Castle Rock and Cole City, respectively, and one in the valley. These camps consist of a huge stockade of logs stood side by side around a square, in which are numerous log houses in which the prisoners sleep. Stationed around the clearing are little boxes, in each of which stands a brutal guard, with heavily loaded shot-gun, who too often murders some vile wretch while seeking the freedom of the woods so temptingly near him. The convicts are mostly ignorant negroes and low whites. Upon their entrance to the camp each one is given a striped suit and a shackle is riveted around his ankle. Attached to this is a trace chain, in the end of which is a small ring. The chain is never removed until his death, unless by accident he survives his term of sentence. He eats his food—corn bread and bacon—in a pail, and is put to work in damp mines or at the door of the hot coke ovens. At night a low chain is run through the ring on the end of the one attached to his ankle, together with fifty others, and its end locked on the outside of the building. These fifty wretches chained in a hunk are allowed to indulge in every evil such association can bring. No schools or attempts at reform are ever made. The hours when idle are spent in their bunks gambling and blaspheming, and indulging in every license that the length of their chain will permit. A fire would cremate the whole lot in a few minutes, for there would be no escape.

The hospital is a miserable place, that would make a well man sick to gaze upon, and usually kills the sick who enter. Not a comfort or a convenience, and the ghastly crowd of consumptives and typhoids are enough to turn a heart of stone to see them there, where in the healthiest atmosphere of the world there is no shadow or excuse for their existence except the vilest unhygienic and unsanitary conditions.

#### A YOUNG VICTIM OF ASSASSINATION.

[Subject of Illustration.]

The death of J. Lucius Motley, of North Danville, Va., whose dead body was found near his father's residence Tuesday week last, appears to have been the result of violence, and not of an accident, as reported. His family, dissatisfied with the verdict of accidental death, employed detectives, who have evidence to show that young Motley was murdered and his body

thrown into the place where it was found. John Quinn has been arrested and committed to jail charged with the murder. He is a strong, powerful young man, noted for a fighting disposition and feats of strength. The evidence is that Motley attended the circus Monday night and went subsequently into a barroom and called for a drink. The accused, accompanied by an Italian, entered the barroom at the same time. Motley invited the Italian to drink, but ignored the accused, saying that he "didn't drink with niggers." An altercation ensued, and the accused was put out of the room. He then stationed himself on Motley's path, waylaid and killed him and threw his body over the embankment.

#### A SULLIVAN IN SKIRTS.

How a Philadelphia Amazon Resented an Insult.

[Subject of Illustration.]

"You are the man that insulted me and this is how I get even!" A rather good-looking, well dressed and muscular young woman accompanied this declaration with a straight-from-the-shoulder hit that knocked a dude up against the Pennsylvania Railroad ticket office, at Broad and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, about 11 o'clock the night of Sept. 15. The blow caught him straight between the eyes and smashed his eyeglasses. Before he knew what had struck him the young woman had followed up her advantage with half a dozen more swinging right hands that sent the man sprawling over the pavement. As he rose to his feet he was met by another knock-down blow from the young woman's left.

By this time the angry amazon had discarded her cuffs and thrown herself into fighting posture. A group of a dozen people had gathered and looked on the encounter with evident wonder. The man had a swollen eye, a puffed cheek, and his lip was bleeding copiously at the end of the female slugger's initiatory tattoo upon his forehead. He braced himself with an effort and made two or three weak passes at his adversary, but his blows were warded off with a skill and grace that the American champion might have envied. Not one of his hits reached the face of the young woman, who had her blood up and who countered every time with telling effect. All the arts and tricks of the pugilistic ring seemed as familiar to her as the alphabet, and the "upper cut," the "shoulder cut," the "straight flush" and the "swinging blow" followed each other in startling succession. For fully five minutes the one-sided contest was kept up, and then the man began to shout "Police!"

A fat member of Mayor Smith's force, attracted by the crowd and the cries of the unlucky knight, came ambling up Chestnut street, swinging his club with a good deal of vigor. He reached the scene of hostilities considerably out of breath, and grabbed the man by the collar just as the amazon had delivered a stinger on her victim's nose that made the blood fly. Thinking he had been attacked from the rear by a confederate of the fury, he continued to shout "Murder!" at the top of his voice until the policeman yanked him out of the reach of the woman's clinched fists. The latter, as she stopped to pick her cuffs off the pavement, remarked coolly:

"It's a good thing for that fellow that you got here when you did, or I'd 'a' killed him."

Then she walked off with two men in the crowd who had been enjoying the scene immensely, and the officer made no attempt to detain her. The man, who is a drummer from Grand Rapids, Mich., begged the bystanders to protect him, and two of them went with him to the Broad street station. He had had a quarrel with the woman in a neighboring beer garden, and she took this summary mode of redress. Nobody knows who the woman was, but a man in the crowd was heard to express the opinion that the fighter was John L. Sullivan in skirts.

#### AN UNDERTAKER'S ASSISTANT'S MISTAKE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

In a town near Bridgeport, Conn., death entered an estimable household at midnight, and an undertaker from the city was summoned by telegraph. On arriving at the house the undertaker sent his lady assistant to an upper chamber to prepare the corpse. Taking her box of bandages, sponges, &c., the assistant went, as she thought, to the room indicated, but instead she entered the room of a young lady, a member of the bereaved family, who had fallen sound asleep from exhaustion caused by her constant attention at the sick bed. The attendant had an old-fashioned tallow dip, which she set on the stand, and depositing her box on the bed by the side of the sleeping beauty she began operations. Taking a soft sponge she carefully washed the face observing, what was not unusual, that the flesh was still warm. The young lady slept on, but when a fine-toothed comb was drawn through some tangled curls of her hair she awoke with a suddenness that upset both the attendant and the box of implements. Both ladies gave a shriek that could have been heard blocks away, and as soon as a match could be struck, for the candle had been overturned and extinguished, explanations followed. The attendant believed the corpse had come to life, and the awakened damsel thought she had been disturbed by a burglar. The household below was aroused, and they followed the undertaker in quick succession to the scene of the disturbance. Although the death had cast a gloom over the household there was a quiet laugh when the situation was explained.

#### WEALTHY AND MYSTERIOUS.

[Subject of Illustration.]

One of the most notable guests who spent the summer here, and who has just departed, writes an Atlantic City correspondent of the Philadelphia News, was a lady from New Orleans, who was conspicuous at the hops for her diamonds, her Skye terrier with a gold collar, and a black Machette beetle with gold harness and chain. She was originally a guest at one of the fashionable down-town hotels, but she persisted in having the ugly beetle crawling around her at the table, and the more fastidious of the guests broke out in open revolt and threatened the management with abdication. She retired to a cottage, and spent her evenings as a lonely spectator at the hops of the up-town hotels. Here she would gather around her a crowd of curious folks, who would gaze with admiration at her wonderful Brazilian beetle chained to her bosom. The terrier was her only companion. Her purse was always well filled, her diamonds always measured a peck, but she suggested mystery with all her wealth or appearances of wealth.

#### DEFYING THE GUARDS.

A Convict in Trenton Braves Revolvers, But Succumbs to Kind Words.

[Subject of Illustration.]

One convict caused a great commotion in the Trenton (N. J.) State Prison, Tuesday week last. On the afternoon of that day the prison alarm signal was rung for the first time in many years, and deputy keepers and guards crowded into the brush shop, whence the alarm came. They found all the prisoners at work except James Driscoll, a powerful convict, who had been sent from Passaic for two years for burglary. He stood in one corner near the elevator, armed with a heavy chisel and a long needle. In front of him stood two deputy keepers covering him with their heavy revolvers.

The other prisoners were removed from the shop and then the head keeper stepped up to Driscoll, around whom a dozen keepers were clustered with drawn revolvers. "Driscoll," he said, "if you don't lay those things down in five minutes we will shoot." "Shoot and be d—d. I will have one life anyway," replied Driscoll, doggedly. The keeper held his watch in his hand and told off the minutes as they passed.

"One—two—three—four—" "Don't shoot!" interposed Prison Inspector Cartwright, who was an eye-witness of the scene, and whose word is law in the prison. "Give him time to consider."

Arguments were used in vain, Driscoll refusing to lay aside his weapons. Inspector Cartwright finally realized that extreme measures would have to be resorted to and started to leave the room, but as he closed the door he changed his mind and returned with the determination to prevent bloodshed.

"Hold on! wait a moment," he said, as he advanced toward Driscoll, despite the efforts of the keepers to restrain him. "Now, look here, young man," said the Inspector, as he stood within five feet of the prisoner, "you are throwing your life away. Do you know me?" "No, I don't know you, and I don't want to know you," answered Driscoll, as he brandished his weapons.

"I am one of the inspectors and it is my duty to protect you. That is what I am here for. My name is Cartwright."

"If your name is Cartwright you have got a good name in this prison. If you will send these hounds away from here I will go anywhere with you," said Driscoll, taking both weapons in his left hand, and allowing the Inspector to take him by the right. After nearly every official had left the room, Driscoll laid down the weapons and walked quietly with the Inspector to the rotunda.

Driscoll was then handcuffed and placed in the dungeon on bread and water. The immediate cause of Driscoll's revolt was an order of Deputy Keeper Ashley for him to stop singing, which he refused to obey.

Driscoll has the reputation of being very unruly. He has served a term on Blackwell's Island for burglary, and also ten years in Sing Sing for the same crime and shooting a policeman in New York.

#### A PRETTY YANKEE.

A nice little romance leaked out the other day in the City Hall, Nashville. One of the most gentlemanly and capable of the city department clerks will be married to a young lady who lives among the pines of Maine.

Several weeks ago this gentleman, known in this transaction as Eugene Reading, bought a dark gray Norfolk summer coat while making a flying trip to Boston. When Reading wore the tab off his eye caught some writing on the side which had been next to the coat. He read "Melissa Polley, West Bowdoin, Me." He put the tab into his pocket, and decided to make a test of this gentle hint to mankind in general.

He wrote a letter to Miss Polley in which he told her that he had discovered her name on the tab and congratulated her upon her excellent workmanship. He emphasized his sincerity by calling her a "pretty tailoress" and professed the strange awakening within his heart.

The letter carried safely, and in due time the following frank yet modest reply:

WEST BOWDOIN, ME., Aug. 13, 1886.

DEAR FRIEND—I received your letter of congratulations, and thought I would thank you for it; and I hope the coat is made nice. But I would like to know what kind of a coat it is—if it is a Norfolk. As to the "pretty tailoress," there is no such word in the book; but I do not know what the male sex would do if it were not for the old maids to do their tailoring. So I will close with many thanks and lots of good wishes.

Yours truly, MELISSA S. POLLEY.

P. S.—You say you purchased your coat some time ago. Have you been thinking it over all this time? Excuse me for being so saucy, but I hope you have got it settled.

Mr. Reading had evidently "got it settled," and, if any doubt had remained in his mind, the gentle hint in postscript had wiped it away. For the returning mail carried a letter full of "burning words."

The conclusion finally reached by the young Pittsburg, who had received ample encouragement in his suit, was that life would be burdensome without his "pretty tailoress," for she has really proven to be such from her picture, which he had got one day last week, and, after all, the term "old maid," which she had applied to herself, was a rude test of the interest of her Pittsburg admirer. She has his picture, and from the dissertation she wrote upon it has certainly concluded that her strangely captured lover is a man of handsome face and kindly features, for she writes: "If you are just half as good as you look I am proud of your professed admiration and interest in me."

That sentence is what clinched the matter as far as Reading was concerned. He immediately wrote a proposal of marriage and asked that her acceptance or refusal be by telegram.

EUGENE READING—Yes, with pleasure.

MELISSA.

The objected lover almost bugged the district boy who delivered the message to him, and after reading it over and over, wrote the following with a trembling hand:

"Good; I am coming as soon as I can get a leave of absence."

#### DESPERATE FIGHT WITH A PRISONER.

[Subject of Illustration.]

James Greenfield, under sentence of imprisonment for 150 days, while being conveyed to the Penitentiary at Rochester, N. Y., by Constable Butler, made a dash

for liberty. He was at once pursued by the officer, who closed upon him, when the prisoner, although both hands were shackled together, turned and attacked him. A desperate hand to hand fight ensued. Greenfield is a large, powerfully built man, and, though heavily handcuffed, succeeded in grappling with the officer. He seized the latter by the shoulder and held him, dealing him heavy blows with the handcuffs. The fight occurred within a few feet of the station, in the presence of a large crowd of people, none of whom ventured to go to Butler's assistance. The prisoner finally raised both his hands together and struck the officer a terrible blow on the head, knocking him to the ground. The officer managed to turn on one side and secure a revolver, which was in his hip pocket. Just as the tramp was about to strike again he raised the revolver and fired, the ball passing into the prisoner's stomach and going nearly through his body. Greenfield fell to the ground, the blood pouring from the wound. The bystanders now rushed and secured him. A doctor was sent for and made an examination. The wounded man will die of his wound. The constable presented a sorry sight. His head was severely cut and hardly any clothing was left on him.

#### SHADOW DANCES.

An Early Sunday Morning Diversion That is to Be Abolished.

A particularly offensive sort of Sabbath breaking is to be investigated officially by the agents of Rev. Dr. Crosby's New York Morality Society. Shadow dances have become popular on Saturday nights at the gaudy dance halls. As they rarely begin before 2 o'clock on Sunday morning, when all good citizens, including the police, are supposed to be asleep, they are attended largely by young women and men whose occupations earlier in the day have put them in a condition to entirely disregard formalities. They do much drinking during the evening, and so when midnight is passed by they are possessed of a reckless merriment. Their partners in the shadow dances are shameless loafers, who kill the earlier part of the night by roving in for the gambling houses, buncing strangers in town, or lounging about liquor saloons. The shadow dance at the infamous Brighton will best bear description. The dancing floor extended back sixty feet and was about forty wide. Tables at which four persons might sit ranged along either side, and at them sat girls and women who did not care to dance just then, or who hadn't partners. There were also a hundred male visitors who had stepped in to see the show. These the girls at the tables made friends with at once, and drank and smoked cigarettes at their expense. The floor manager, a squatly built fellow, young, with cold gray eyes, blew a whistle when the time arrived for the dancing to begin.

Two sets, like those for the ordinary quadrille, were formed, and the band, which was perched on a platform in the front of the hall, began to play ordinary quadrille music. At this moment the electric lights were put out, and the two caucuses, one in a corner in the rear of the hall and the other in the front of the room in a corner diagonal to it, were let ablaze, reflections throwing the illumination on the dancers, who were then moving slowly. Near each reflector stood a man having frames in which were transparent sheets of isinglass colored: red, blue, green, yellow, purple, and dark brown, like that used in theatrical spectacles, were placed in front of the lights at intervals, turning the dancers red, blue or green, as might be. In the early part of the performance the forward, bowing and retreating were intermingled with considerable waltzing, in which the women often threw both arms around their partner's necks in complete abandon, and were carried around without an effort of their own.

As the music grew faster and more lively, all resemblance to the respectable and dignified quadrille was lost. The ordinary dancing steps were increased in length and height, and as the dancers darted hither and thither, now crimson, now orange, now green, dresses became scarfs, and high kicking made the scene. The music grew wilder and faster, and the girls and men on the floor seemed to forget everything but the moment. All sense of propriety was gone, and every movement was reckless. They threw themselves in each other's arms, and raced up and down the floor. Then they kicked higher than before. When the organs had reached their height, the frames with the dark brown isinglass were put before the lights, and the dancers could hardly be seen. The next instant the electric lights blazed out again, revealing the performers with a pretence of accident, in compromising attitudes. The men dragged their half-fainting partners to seats and the shadow dance was over. That is the exhibition, duplicated of late in a score of resorts, which is to be summarily stopped.

#### BULL AND TRICYCLE.

An Adventure in Carrying the United States Mail in Nevada.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A Eureka (Nev.) Sentinel reporter learned the other day that quite a mishap occurred to Mrs. McLane's mail tricycle and contents while making its last trip to town over the E. and P. road from Palsade. The tricycle had aboard quite a heavy load of mail, and three men were employed in propelling it. When the outfit arrived near the summit a large herd of cattle, a number of which were on the track, was encountered. The tricycle men slackened speed so as to pass through the herd without doing any damage. One immense bull would not leave the track, and the men ran the vehicle up to him and shoved him along. This maddened the bovine, and with his tail in the air he turned suddenly around and attacked the tricycle. In doing so his horns became locked in a wheel of the vehicle, and he belted and became more furious than ever. The men and mail were thrown from the tricycle and it was dragged from the track a distance of over 300 feet before the horns of the bull were unlocked. One of the men was severely cut about the face and head by the lever of the tricycle striking him as it left the track. The mishap caused the entire herd of cattle to stampede, and the injured man says that for several moments an immense cloud of dust arose and darkened the air on all sides. Judging from the manner in which he served the details of the story with adjectives as he related it to the scribe, after the cloud of dust passed away, the atmosphere was an azure blue with blasphemous sentiments until the tricycle was dragged back to the track and all necessary repairs made and the mail bags gathered from among the sagebrush and greasewood and they had resumed their trip Eureka-ward.





DOWNED BY KINDNESS.

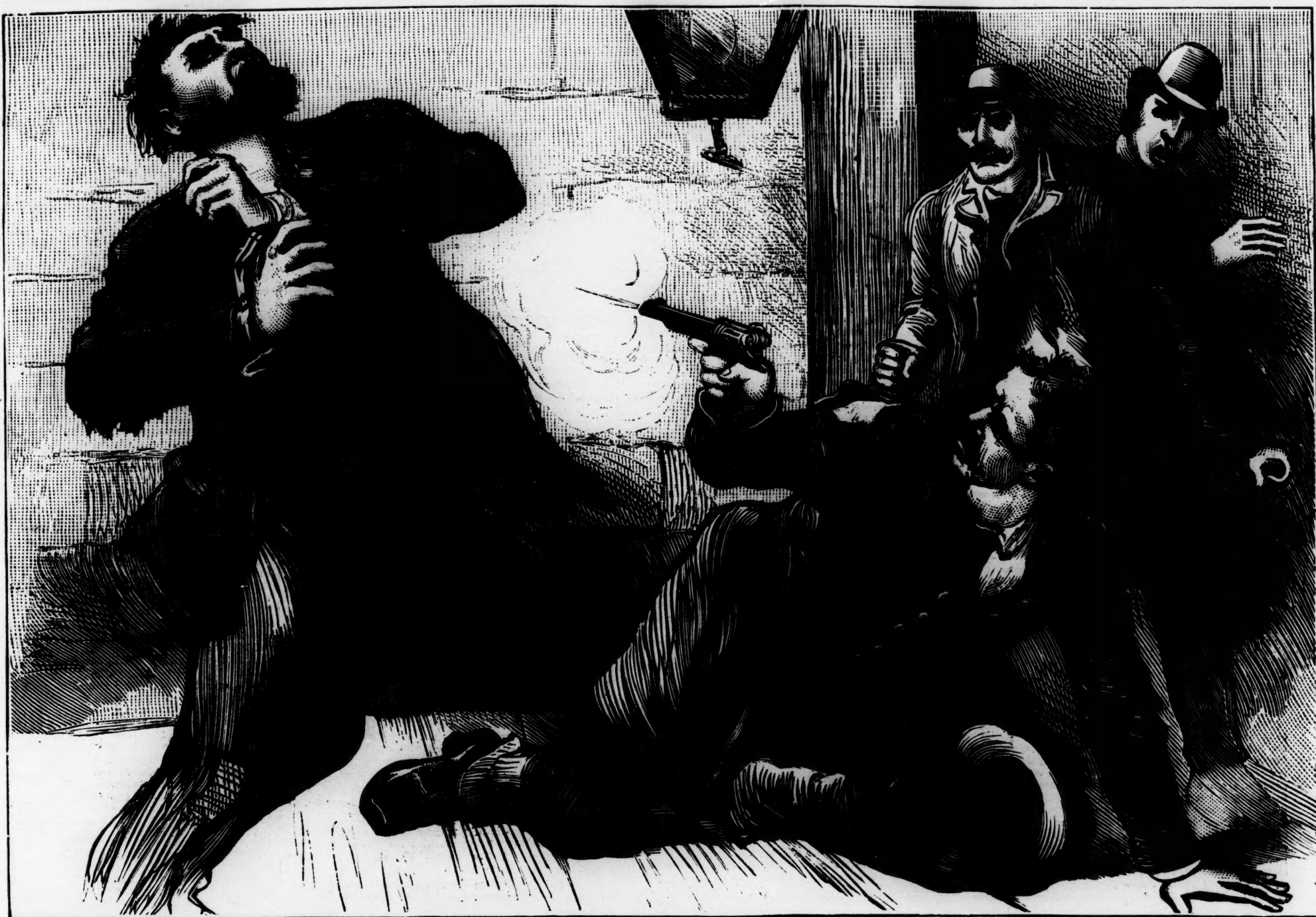
AFTER DEFYING A HOST OF ARMED KEEPERS, JAMES DRISCOLL, IN THE TRENTON, N. J., STATE PRISON, SUCCUMBS TO A GENTLE WORD.



SHE WAS BUG CRAZY.

THE MYSTERIOUS FEMALE FROM NEW ORLEANS WHOSE CAPTIVE BRAZILIAN BEETLE ASTONISHED AND DISGUSTED THE HOTEL BOARDERS AT ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY.





HE HELD HIS MAN.

PLUCKY CONSTABLE BUTLER HEROICALLY PREVENTS THE ESCAPE OF HIS DESPERATE PRISONER, JAMES GREENFIELD, AT ROCHESTER, N. Y.



A SULLIVAN IN SKIRTS.

THE MAGNIFICENT PUGILISTIC PERFORMANCE WITHOUT GLOVES TO A FINISH OF AN UNKNOWN WOMAN ON BROAD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.



## PUGILISTIC NEWS.

## A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arenic Events of the Week.

**Roundsman Jacoby, of the Charles street station, has returned from his vacation. He witnessed the glove contest at Cheltenham Beach, Chicago, between Paddy Ryan and Frank Glover. In regard to the affair he says Ryan is a poor sparrer and very slow. Glover had the best of the encounter while it lasted, but it is hard to tell how it would have ended. Ryan is either rough-and-tumble or London prize ring rules.**

## The following explains itself.

GREENPOINT, N. Y., Sept. 25, 1888.

## To the Sporting Editor:

Sir—I am prepared to fight any light-weight in America, according to Queensberry or London prize ring rules, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side and the light-weight championship, or I will arrange a match to fight Jack McAuliffe, Billy Frazier, Harry Gilmore or Jimmy Mitchell for a purse or for gate money. I and my backer will be at the Police Gazette office ready to arrange a match on any reply being received. I mean business. Yours respectfully,

BILL DACEY.

**Warren Lewis, the well-known sporting man, called at the Police Gazette office on Sept. 23, with Pete McCoy, posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox and issued the following challenge:**

New York, Sept. 23, 1888.

## To the Sporting Editor:

I am prepared to match Pete McCoy to fight any of the following middle-weights: Jack Fogarty, Joe Ellingsworth, Jimmy Carroll, Dick Collier, Jack Ashton or Frank Herald, according to the following conditions—Queensberry rules to govern, ten rounds with gloves for \$500 a side and the gate money, 75 per cent. to the winner and 25 to the loser. To prove I mean business I have deposited \$100 with Richard K. Fox, which any of the above boxers can cover. The first one come first served.

WARREN LEWIS.

On Sept. 24, Gus Tutthill, Jack Fogarty's backer, called at the Police Gazette office, posted \$100 and said: "In response to the challenges issued to Jack Fogarty he will fight Pete McCoy, Dan Daly, Joe Ellingsworth or any middle-weight in America for from \$1,000 to \$5,000 in private, in New York. By sending a deposit to Richard K. Fox a match will be ratified at once."

Many weeks before the Sullivan and Herald glove contest the affair was the topic of conversation from Maine to Oregon, and since the match, has been the main topic of conversation in sporting circles throughout the country. In Chicago many sporting men expected that Herald would give Sullivan a hard battle, basing their opinions on the fact that he had won the last three battles he engaged in prior to meeting the champion. The majority of sporting men were confident that Sullivan would win, and they offered odds of \$100 to \$200 on the champion. In Cincinnati Sullivan had a host of admirers, for he is very popular in the City of Pork, and a number of sporting men journeyed to Pittsburg to witness the contest. John Moran of Cincinnati, one of Sullivan's admirers, offered to wager his money at any odds that Sullivan would win, and it is claimed that he won several large bets on time. At Baltimore John Charles, John Goodwin and Joe Kaiser backed Sullivan. Dan O'Brien of Washington and John Roney also backed the champion, wagering their funds that Sullivan would win in three rounds. In Buffalo Ed. Kearney, John Davey, Paddy Lyons, Mike Barry and John Ruddle, well-known sporting men, backed Sullivan, while at St. Louis Herald had many supporters.

Patrick Sheedy called at this office a few days after Sullivan's victory. Sheedy, who is now John L. Sullivan's right-hand man, is just as talkative as ever, and now he is preparing to take the "big fellow" on a long journey. While conversing about Sullivan and Mitchell he said: "I have an idea that they may come together in San Francisco, and if they do California will turn out to a man, as they did when Sullivan and Robinson met. Sullivan is a great favorite on the Pacific slope, and he is sure to draw a bigger crowd than a local amateur did when he faced the champion. It is within the bounds of possibility that they may meet in Cincinnati, where glove contests are not regarded as criminal affairs."

When asked if he had outlined any route for Sullivan's tour through England and the Antipodes, he replied: "No, I cannot say that I have, but of course I have thought the thing over and mapped out a mode of procedure. In fact, that was done over a year ago. It is quite possible that Sullivan will make another tour of the United States, just as he did two years ago. It will not be a knocking out expedition, however. Sullivan will meet all comers and agree to best them, but there are too many clever young fellows around now to talk of knocking them all out. Take Paddy Ryan, Nolan, Glover, Kilrain and Dominick McCaffrey, for instance. No sensible man would expect Sullivan to put them all to sleep. Still, it is quite possible for him to meet every one of them before he goes to Australia."

"Where will the first stop be?" "Probably Cincinnati, where Nolan and McCaffrey are billed to box. Either of these athletes would make a good draw with Sullivan. Chicago may be the next stopping place, and Paddy Ryan given a chance to retrieve the laurels he lost at New Orleans. In this way we shall work to San Francisco, and it is here I expect to see Mitchell and Sullivan contend. The trip across the Pacific will do Sullivan good, and it is a measure fit him for his work while in the land of the kangaroo, where he will be called upon to face such good men as Bill Miller, who was one of the very best boxers who ever came to the States. Then there is Billy Farnsworth, who is said to be a worthy successor of Tom Curran, the best man Australia had twenty-five years ago."

"These are veterans. Don't you think there are some good youngsters in Australia?" "Indeed I do, and I understand that the brothers Thompson, Jack, Barney and Jim, are hunting all through the colonies. Jack has the mission in hand, and as he knows what boxing is it is very probable that he will pick up some backwoodsman who is as quick as a cat and as strong as an ox."

Our correspondents have interviewed many of the sporting men in regard to their opinion of Sullivan and Herald, and nearly all I have conversed with agree that Sullivan has no equal on earth as a pugilist, and that Herald is no match for him in a contest in which Queensberry rules govern.

Tommy Haunon, of Buffalo, said: "Herald shaped well—he lacked confidence in ability, or he was afraid Sullivan would put him to sleep. I went from Buffalo to look at the fight, and it was not worth the journey."

Joe Dunn—"I did not see the fight. I had to attend to my race horses, for there is more money in them than fighters. There is no man can whip Sullivan."

Councilman Tom Denny, of Boston, says: "I thought John would whip Herald with a punch."

"What a lot of chumps they put up in front of Sullivan," says Ex-Alderman John Davey of Buffalo.

Mike Gleason, of Boston, says: "Sullivan wins every time. They can't beat him no how."

Patsy Sheppard—"I thought John would do Herald quick. Who ever heard of him?"

Pat Sheedy says: "There is not a man in the world or ever has been that has accomplished the feat Sullivan has in the roped arena. He is the only genuine heavy-weight fighter in the world. Tommy Warren and Jack Dempsey in their class rank next. Sullivan is high, Tommy Warren is low. Dempsey is Jack and I hold game," says Sheedy, "and I think at their weights they are Jack dandees."

John Scanlan says: "After all the talk about Herald I thought he would have done better."

George Eugeman says: "No prize fighter ever lived like Sullivan. He is a wonder and it is remarkable that he can win every time he enters the ring, no matter how good the man is that is pitted against him."

Thomas N. Ferris says: "I do not take any stock in fighters, race horses is my hobby, nevertheless Sullivan is a wonder."

Paddy Ryan says: "Herald would have just as much chance of doing me as Sullivan, and I can whip the both of them London prize ring rules."

Sharkey of Sixth Ave., New York, says: "I was surprised when I heard Sullivan had such a walk over, why Herald made no show."

Tommy Morris of Buffalo, says: "Sullivan can do them all with a punch or two."

Jim Ombwe of Baltimore, says: "Ned O'Baldwin was the only boxer that ever lived that would give Sullivan a battle. It is all

foolishness to think a man with so little experience as Herald, could whip Sullivan."

Pat Carroll of Baltimore, says: "The idea of the betting being 10 to 80 on Sullivan, it should have been 5 to 1 on Sullivan. I never thought Herald had a chance."

Arthur Chambers said: "I told you Sullivan would win easily, why, there is no man able to either stop him or knock him out. Herald is a fair boxer but he is not in Sullivan's class. He would be a good match for McCaffrey."

George Brantherton says: "Herald will improve in the course of time, but he will never be able to do Sullivan."

"Just let me know when they find a man that can whip John L., says Capt. A.W. Turner, of Albany, "and I will bet my coat that Sullivan wins."

Charley Johnson says: "Sullivan can whip all the Heralds. Ashtons, Burkes and Smiths they can find. I thought Malahan had a wonder, but he was no earthly use in front of John."

Billy Madden says: "I will have to put Jack Ashton against Sullivan when Herald could not conquer him. I thought Herald would do better, the way he was boomed up."

John J. Flynn, of Coney Island, says: "Sullivan is a great man. No man will ever make him lower his colors."

Neither Herald nor E. F. Malahan, his backer, will acknowledge that Sullivan is the best man. Herald says he is ready to meet the champion according to London prize ring rules, to a finish, any time Sullivan and Sheedy are ready to arrange a match.

Malahan says Herald was not defeated at Pittsburg, and that his champion was misrepresented. Herald stands ready to meet Sullivan in any city or place he may name. No man is beaten or whipped as long as he is ready to go on with the battle, and Herald was willing when the police interfered.

Charles Davies, of Chicago, says he thought Herald a better man than he proved himself to be. If he had fought Paddy Ryan the latter would have smothered him.

Johnny Hayes of Pittsburg says: "Herald had no show with Sullivan while the contest lasted. He might have turned the tables unless the big fellow knocked him out."

Tony Barker of Cincinnati says: "Herald is a big novice. Peter J. Nolan can whip him."

George Marshall of Cincinnati says: "I have seen McCool fight Aaron Jones, Tom Allen, Bill Davis, and would go further to look at a fight than any one. I did not think Herald, no matter how good the papers said he was, could whip Sullivan according to Queensberry rules. Sullivan has a great advantage when he fights according to these rules, and no man has a chance because Sullivan is stronger, heavier and very clever. If he is ever beaten it will be in a contest fought according to London prize ring rules. Herald is quite a clever boxer and will make his mark, but he will never be able to conquer Sullivan. The battle on the 18th was not worth looking at, for there was no clean fighting done by either Herald or Sullivan."

Pat Maher of Troy, N. Y., says: "Sullivan is like his namesake, Yankee Sullivan. No man could whip Yank when he wanted to win, and Sullivan wins every time."

Pat Curly of Troy, says: "I was once stuck on Paddy Ryan and thought he could whip anybody, but Sullivan downed him, and it appears there is no one a match for him."

Jerry Haley, of Columbus, said: "One would have thought to have read the papers that Herald would have knocked Sullivan out. I bet my money that Sullivan would win in two rounds and he did so."

James Drumm, of Baltimore, says: "Smith is the only man living that can give Sullivan a battle."

Harry Webb says: "Dick Collier can whip Herald, if he could not do better with Sullivan than reported."

Dominick McCaffrey says: "If Herald can fight no better than he did with Sullivan, I could do him certain. Sullivan wanted to stop when I met him and I wanted to fight on, but the big fellow would not do it. I think I can whip the both of them."

Paddy Miller, of Washington, says: "I was fool enough to go to the fight. It was not worth looking at."

Frank Stevenson said: "Jack Kilrain can whip Herald any rules, for \$1,000 of my money. He is no match for Sullivan. He can lick all the fighters right off the chain."

John Smith, of Harlem, N. Y., says: "Sullivan is a wonder. No man will ever whip him in our time."

Jim Manly of Auburn, says: "There is no Courtney about Sullivan, he wins every time."

A. Wright Sanford, a good judge of boxing, says: "I had very little confidence in Herald when he was matched against Sullivan. I was certain he was out-classed. Sullivan is a phenomenon."

John Shanley, of Brooklyn, E. D., says: "Sullivan and Jack Dempsey are the two greatest fighters living."

Ex-Alderman James Dunne, of Brooklyn, says: "Why, it was a farce putting Herald against Sullivan. There is no man in either hemisphere able to conquer Sullivan if he is in condition."

Al Smith says: "I have always maintained there is no man in the world able to beat Sullivan, for he is a wonder. Herald may be a match for the second class of the fighting division."

We have received the following from Frank Herald's backer:

New York, Sept. 27, 1888.

Richard E. Fox, Esq.: Dear Sir—So many stories have appeared in the newspapers emanating from John L. Sullivan, Pat Sheedy and others, touching the recent contest at Pittsburg between John L. Sullivan and Frank Herald, and so many of them being untrue, I deem it right that my version of the match be given, and therefore respectfully ask that you give this communication publicity. The truth is as follows. When Herald and Sullivan met in the first round Sullivan for two minutes and a half did not attempt to strike a blow. He was on the defensive, and was held there by Herald. At the expiration of the two minutes and a half Sullivan rushed at Herald with the intention of pushing him through the ropes, an operation he failed to perform. In the second round Herald was the attacking party, and struck Sullivan squarely and fairly, and then it was that the police interfered and the fight stopped. Sullivan did not knock Herald down he pushed him down. If Herald had been struck a knock-down blow how was it that, to quote your own language, he "was on his feet like a flash and banging away at Sullivan?" The referee I was forced to take, as Sheedy would have no other man. I did not complain of Newell, because I was anxious to have Herald and Sullivan meet to test their merits. Nor do I complain of the decision, although it took Newell, the admiral of Sullivan, at least twenty-five minutes to render it. Under the last clause of the articles of agreement, it was provided that in the event of police interference the man at that stage of the fight having the best of it should be declared winner. On the push which sent Herald down Newell based his decision. On my statement I claim that I am backed by every newspaper report of the fight save one, and that paper is a notorious partisan for Sullivan. Mr. Sullivan, Mr. Sheedy, Mr. Bennett, Sullivan's father, Billy Kelly, his second, and other friends of Sullivan have repeatedly declared that Herald is a better man than any of the other pugilists excepting Sullivan. Billy Bennett has told me himself that he would take Herald's part in a match with any man in America, but Sullivan, Sheedy has said that it was \$100 to \$100 Herald could whip Burke, \$1,000 to \$100 that he can whip Greenfield, that he would make a rattler for Smith, the English champion, and that he would put his money on Herald should he meet Smith. Sullivan has said he would bet \$5,000 that Herald could whip Mitchell, and Billy Kelly declares that next to Sullivan, Herald is the best man in the country. Now, how can all these people, in the face of the above assertions persist in declaring that Herald is but a second or third rate fighter? Are they afraid? They are very inconsistent. Mr. Editor, you and your readers must admit, I claim that the fight at Pittsburg did not determine which was the better man. I believe and Frank Herald believes that he can whip Sullivan in a fight under the new London prize ring rules, where Sullivan could do all the rushing and hugging he pleased, and where he would meet a man more than worthy of his steel. I shall with Frank Herald follow in Mr. Sullivan's wake on his tour. Every man that Sullivan meets, if it is possible, Frank Herald shall meet until he and John L. Sullivan meet in the ring under the new rules of the London prize ring. Then and only then, when they meet, and John L. Sullivan whips Herald, shall I, shall Frank Herald believe that Sullivan is his superior. As to Bradburn, let me say this: On Sunday, after the Sullivan fight, I telegraphed him, asking if he would fight. Tom Hughes did the same. On Monday I again telegraphed Bradburn, asking him to say whether he would meet Herald or not, and adding that if he would I would remain in Pittsburg. If not I should leave for New York. He failed to answer. Mr. Bradburn may meet Frank Herald yet, and when he does he may be sorry for it. In conclusion, I would only like to say this: Had I not accepted Newell as referee, the people would have blamed me and said Herald was afraid to meet Sullivan. I took him and the fight went on. For the first time in his life Sullivan met a fighter not afraid of him—a man I believe to be his superior. Sullivan must meet Herald under the new London prize ring rules before he can lay solid claim to the championship. Respectfully,

E. F. MALLAMANA.

## SPORTING NEWS.

## TO PATRONS AND PROMOTERS OF MANLY SPORT.

The editorial parlors of this newspaper are always at the disposition of all classes of bona fide sporting men, whether they call out of curiosity, to obtain information or arrange matches. No such offices are to be seen anywhere else in the world. Among their remarkable attractions are championship emblems and badges, magnificent trophies and pictures and other objects of exceptional interest. Not the least notable of these is the celebrated portrait, by the well-known artist, Drohan, of John L. Sullivan, which is a full-length picture representing the champion in full ring costume. It stands five feet in height, and is conceded to be the most striking portrait of a pugilist in existence. Sporting men, in addition to these features, are assured of a cordial and hospitable greeting.

Alexander Brown of Brooklyn, now offers to match an unknown to fight John W. Fallon for \$250 or \$500 a side.

Sparrow Golden of Philadelphia, claims that he can whip Herald on time, and his backers are willing to put up that he can do so.

Dennis Butler of the Club Theatre, Philadelphia, offers to match an unknown against any heavy-weight in America for \$500 a side.

The Dwyers have sold several of their racehorses, and it is more than likely that the cast-offs, as usual, will win many races for their purchasers.

Sullivan will rest on his laurels for some time, unless he agrees to meet Frank Herald again, for there is no other man that would draw a corporal's guard.

W. F. Conley and John F. Cummings have signed articles of agreement to row a mile and a half straightaway at Boston for a \$100 prize on October 9.

Duncan C. Ross has gone to Kansas City to engage in a mounted broadsword contest. It was expected that he would arrange for one to take place in this city, but he failed to do so.

E. M. Johnson has arranged to give a 150-yard hand-teap at Pittsburg during the last week in October. The prizes will be \$80, \$40, \$20 and \$10, with \$2 to every heat winner. Entries close on Oct. 18.

Jerry Murphy, the light weight, who made such a good showing with Tommy Warren not long since, is in Boston and would like to take a turn out of some of the 130-pound men. First come, first served.

The Dwyer Brothers again lead in front of the winning owners of 1886. J. B. Haggitt will be after them with a sharp stick in 1887 unless Tremont and Hanover turn out wonderful three-year-olds.

The backers of Evan Lewis, the Strangler, have written from Minneapolis, Minn., that they will match him to wrestle Joe Aetna a mixed match for \$1,000 a side, the match to be decided in New York.

Pat O'Leary, of Cincinnati, and Tommy Warren, of Louisville, have signed an agreement to fight for \$1,000 and the feather-weight championship, within six miles of Louisville, on Nov. 8, with skin gloves.

Pat Sheedy, Sullivan's manager, has completed arrangements for a match between Sullivan and Ryan, to take place in San Francisco inside of two months. Ryan signed the articles of agreement at Chicago, on Sept. 27.

In regard to the statement Billy Bradburn of Pittsburg made about Frank Herald, the New York Daily News, Sept. 26, says: Herald should journey to the Smoky City on the first opportunity and prove to Bradburn that he is no curiosity.

No match has yet been ratified between J. W. Fallon and Jim Smith of the Ninth Ward, Brooklyn. Both men are eager to fight but the hitch is the rules. The \$50 a side posted by Arthur Mullen for Fallon and by Alex Brown for Smith, is still up.

Mike C. Conley, of Ithaca, N. Y., and Tom Kelly, of Philadelphia, fought according to Queensberry rules, at Philadelphia, on Sept. 27. In the second round Conley knocked Kelly out. The contest lasted 6 minutes 30 seconds, including 1 minute rest.

It seems strange that the boxers, as a rule, always weaken when they enter the arena in front of Sullivan, and half the battle is over before they strike a blow. Mitchell was the only boxer that Sullivan did not terrify until the latter was knocked down on the stage and held up his hands.

The American Jockey Club celebrated their anniversary at Jerome Park on Sept. 25, just twenty years from when the American Fordham was opened and the late Gen. Grant witnessed the great 4-mile heat race, in which Onward, Kentucky, Idlewild and Fleetwing ran and Kentucky won.

On Sept. 27, Edwin Bibby posted \$50 at the "Police Gazette" and challenged Joe Aetna to wrestle best two in three falls, catch-as-catch-can style, for \$250 a side and 60 and 40 per cent. of the gate, match to take place within two or three weeks from signing articles in New York or Philadelphia.

If Tom Allen, Tom Kelly and the St. Louis sporting men think they have such a race horse in Dan Daly, the middle-weight why don't they put up their money with Richard K. Fox and cover Jimmy Carroll's money. Carroll wants to arrange a match, and will meet Daly within fifty miles of Pittsburg.

The Ixion Bicycle Club promise that their bicycle tournament, on the new track at Rosedale, N. J., on Oct. 16, will be the greatest amateur race meeting of the season. Prizes will be awarded to the amount of \$1,500, and will consist of silver cups and bric-a-brac, bronzes, etc. The best amateur bicyclists in the country will participate, and fast time is expected.

Wm. Bradshaw, the well-known game fowl breeder of Rochester, N. Y., is out with a challenge to match twenty-one game fowls at weights ranging from 4 pounds 2 ounces to 5 pounds 12 ounces, New York rules, against any breeder in America, within 50 miles of New York, on Dec. 1, for \$2,500 the odd contest and \$100 each battle. Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder.

George M. Hendee reduced the mile bicycle record to 2 minutes 31 seconds at Springfield on Sept. 15. The best previous American record was Howell's (2 minutes 31 2-5 seconds), made last October. Hendee's best previous mile was 2 minutes 34 seconds. His time by quarters was: Quarter, 38 4-5; half, 1 minute 15 2-5 seconds; three-quarters, 1 minute 54 4-5 seconds; mile, 2 minutes 31 seconds.

George Dufrane, the well-known pedestrian, writes that he accepts the challenge of Emil Paul to run from 20 to 25 miles, contest to take place in Newark, N. J., trophy, rules and judges, etc., to be arranged between Emil Paul and myself on Friday night between 8 and 10 o'clock at his, the said Paul's, place of business.

186 Court street, Newark.

It was reported that Mike Donovan, the teacher of sparring, had been committed to Ludlow street jail for failing to appear to answer as a judgment debtor in the City Court. This was an error. Mr. Donovan was fined \$250 for contempt, but after he had explained to Judge Hall that he mistook the date of the hearing in the suit brought against him, the fine was remitted. Mr. Donovan paid the costs, which amounted to \$48, and was exonerated from all blame.

Yale College Freshmen have elected the following officers of their athletic organizations: Boat Club—President, Lewis B. Gentry, of New York City; Vice-President, Harry G. Foster, of St. Paul; Treasurer, Howard D. Collins, of Newport, and Arthur H. Day, of New Haven. Football—President, Horatio N. Strick, of Troy; Vice-President, Hugh N. Fleming, of Erie; Treasurer, James A. Warner, of Albany, and Fred B. Matthews, of Philadelphia. Baseball—President, Frank P. Ball, of New York City; Vice-President, William M. Clawson, of Woodstock, N. J.; Treasurer, Stephen H. Kohler, of Akron, Ohio, and John E. Mitchell, of New York City. Thomas F. Bayard, Jr., a son of Secretary Bayard, is a member of the class.

Sullivan's plans for the future are very indefinite. He will give two out door exhibitions with Arthur Chambers, and he has agreed to make a tour with Pat Sheedy. That is about all that is settled. He is anxious, first of all, to get on a match with Jim Smith, who he is told, is coming from this fall. He also wants a whack at Mitchell, but just when Charley will arrive in this country he does not know. If Paddy Ryan wants another go

at him Sullivan will oblige him. He will even give Dominick McCaffrey a chance to make a little money with him. Sheedy has not made up his mind whether to go to California and work back East, or to try West to Frisco and from there go to Australia and to England. Sullivan is satisfied that he cannot get a chance to fight again in any of the Eastern cities, and so he longs for fresh fields and pastures new. Still he may not go to either Australia or England just now. If he is wise he will never go as a fighter.

The single scull race for \$100 a side between Largan and the Australian oarsman, Nielson, was rowed on the Thames, England, from Putney to Mortlake on Sept. 27. The race was won by Nielson, who finished alone. Beach and Hanlan witnessed the race from the deck of a steamer. On meeting, the champion and ex-champion showed marked coldness, not even shaking hands.

Beach said he would not row in America if Hanlan offered him the whole of America to do so. He said he would row on the Paramatta and would lay Hanlan \$1,000 against \$200, but he would not pay Hanlan's traveling expenses. The dispute continued for some time.

Hanlan was greatly annoyed by Beach calling him a gas-bag. Hanlan has challenged Beach to row a race on the Thames for any sum up to \$25,000, and has offered to row him in America or Australia. Hanlan to give Beach \$10,000 in the former case and Beach to give Hanlan \$10,000 in the latter. Beach has declined all the challenges.

The New York Athletic Rowing Club regatta was held at Harlem River, N. Y., on Sept. 25. Results. The first race was for pair-oared gigs, between the New Rochelle Rowing Club and a crew from the New York Athletic Club; the former won in 7 minutes 4 seconds. The second race, a single-scull handicap, was a virtual walk over for F. G. McDougall, scratch, his competitors dropping out one after the other; the time was not taken. A race for double-scull gigs which followed was won by W. C. Demarcat and P. H. Romaine of the New York Athletic Club in 6 minutes 49 1-5 seconds. The six-oared barge race was won by crew No. 1, composed of J. J. Campton, W. A. Jennings, J. E. Kelly, W. H. Lewis, J. B. Moore, W. C. Brand and N. H. Stewart; time, 6 minutes 42 2-5 seconds. The New York Athletic Club beat the New Rochelle Rowing Club in a four oared gig race by 3 seconds; time, 6 minutes 7 seconds. The last race, an eight-oared shell, was for the club championship, and was rowed in 5 minutes by crew No. 2, made up of J. A. R. Dunning, J. W. Carter, Valentine Mott, F. A. Buckman, R. O. Morse, Jose Maglin, F. W. Colwell, G. D. Phillips and Edgar Freeman. The course was one mile straight away.

The single scull race said to be for \$5,000 and the championship of the world between Wallace Ross of St. John, N. B., and William Beach of Dapto, Australia, was rowed over the Thames championship course from Putney to Mortlake, on Sept. 25, 1888. Beach won the toss for position and took the Surrey side of the river. Beach was the favorite in the betting, 35 to 10 being placed upon him. When the signal was given Ross was the first away, but he led for only the first six strokes, when Beach passed him, and steadily increased his lead until he was two lengths ahead. At Walden's Ross spurred, and when Hammersmith Bridge was reached he drew up on Beach. Several barges got in Beach's water and he was compelled to cross Ross's bow, but he avoided fouling. The Australian soon shot ahead again, and there were two lengths of open water between himself and his opponent when the Doves was reached. He increased his lead to the end. The race was a procession almost throughout. The single-scull championship of the world will go with Beach to Australia, and there it will probably remain, unless Jake Gaudaur or Edward Hanlan decides to go to Australia and make an attempt to defeat Beach. Such a journey would be a foolish one, for it is doubtful after Beach was able to beat Teemer and Gaudaur on neutral water whether Hanlan or Gaudaur would have a chance over the winding, snake-like course of the Paramatta.

There is every prospect of a fist encounter being arranged between Jimmy Carroll, of Brooklyn, and Dan Daly, of St. Louis, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, providing Daly's backers in St. Louis back up the recent challenge issued by Daly to fight George Le Blanche, the Marine, or any middle weight in America. On Sept. 22 Carroll called at the Police Gazette office with Alf. Powers, his backer and trainer, posted \$100 forfeit, and issued the following business-like def:

New York, Sept. 22, 1888.

## To the Sporting Editor:

Dear Sir—Being informed that Dan Daly, of St. Louis, has issued a challenge to fight any middle-weight in America, according to either Queensberry or London prize ring rules, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side, allow me, through the Police Gazette, to state that I will fight Dan Daly, at catch weights or 150 pounds, according to London prize ring rules, for \$500 or \$1,000 a side. The fight to be decided four weeks from signing articles, within 100 miles of Pittsburg. Richard K. Fox to be final stakeholder, select the referee and name the place of fighting. To prove I mean business I have deposited \$100 with Richard K. Fox, and if Daly and his backers mean business they will cover my money and name a day for signing articles. Or if Daly has no representative in New York he can either appoint one or forward articles of agreement to Richard K. Fox. Hoping the St. Louis middle-weight champion will arrange a match, I remain yours,

JAMES CARROLL.

If the backers of Daly are in earnest about matching their champion there will be no hitch or impediment in their arranging a match. Carroll was born in Brooklyn, is 21 years of age, stands 5 feet 8 1/2 inches in height and weighs 145 pounds, trained.

We were surprised to find the following balderdash in the Sun (N. Y.) on Sept. 26: "Now that he has the chance, Jack Dempsey does not appear to be half as anxious to meet Jack Burke as he was some time ago. This may be because of the importance of his wife who very naturally does not want him to figure in the ring any more, and it may be because he knows that nothing decisive is likely to come of an eight round glove contest between them. Burke and Parson Davies are now in California, and if they see big money in sight they may consent to more rounds, but I doubt it. To do so would be to say to the public that the contest would virtually be to a finish, and this would certainly cause police interference. When Dempsey was a bachelor he was willing to put up his money to back himself against Burke, Mitchell or McCaffrey for a regular old-fashioned ring fight. His better half may object to his risking the family funds in that manner now, besides, Burke is not at all venturesome with his money. Therefore, I think, if they meet at all it will be for gate money and for a limited number of rounds. The fewer the rounds the better it ought to be for Dempsey. If he makes an even thing of it with Burke he greatly enhances his fist reputation, for Burke is a heavy weight and has gone against Sullivan. Then, again, if Burke is his superior, he will have less chance to demonstrate the fact in 8 rounds than he would in 20. If they were to box 15 rounds and Dempsey was to have the worst of it, every one would know that a fight to a finish he would certainly be defeated, for Burke is a stayer as well as himself. The fact of the matter is that Dempsey by his challenges to big men has got himself into a box out of which he can only get with credit by meeting Burke, and at least 'standing him off even' in the encounter." It will probably be news to the prize scribbler of the Sun to know that Jack Dempsey can be matched to fight either Jack Burke or Dominick McCaffrey for \$2,500 or \$5,000 a side and the "Police Gazette" diamond belt, and a well known sporting man in this city will find the stakes any time Burke or McCaffrey desire to arrange such a match. All they have to do is to forward a forfeit of \$250 to the Police Gazette office and a match will speedily be arranged. The above article in the Sun misrepresents Dempsey, who outclasses Burke just as much as Sullivan outclasses all other boxers now living. We would suppose from reading the above that the writer the Sun employed to weekly fill a column with such rubbish knows very little about boxers or boxing, or else he must be English, you know. We are sure that he is away out of his latitude when he compares the Englishman Jack Burke, to Dempsey. What has Burke ever done in the ring? He never fought a battle to the end and won; he never fought for a stake in his life, except when he fought Charley Mitchell for a purse in England. Dempsey has fought for big money twice and won. He was never a brawler, and when he agreed to make a match he always filled the contract. Time and again he has posted his money to meet either Jack Burke, Charley Mitchell and Dominick McCaffrey, but they would never agree to meet him. Facts are facts. Dempsey will put up stakes to meet Burke, but the latter has no backer—never had one who backed him for a fist encounter. All his matches have been for gate money, and in several he has been defeated, while Dempsey to-day stands unbeaten. John P. Clow came within an ace of defeating Jack Burke. Peter J. Nolan did so at Cincinnati. How, then, can the scribbler for the Sun class Jack Burke as great a pugilist as Dempsey? Many have all the time supposed Burke was an Irishman. He is a countryman of Barney Aaron's, and was born in Lambeth, and our authority is Wolf Bendoof, of London.</

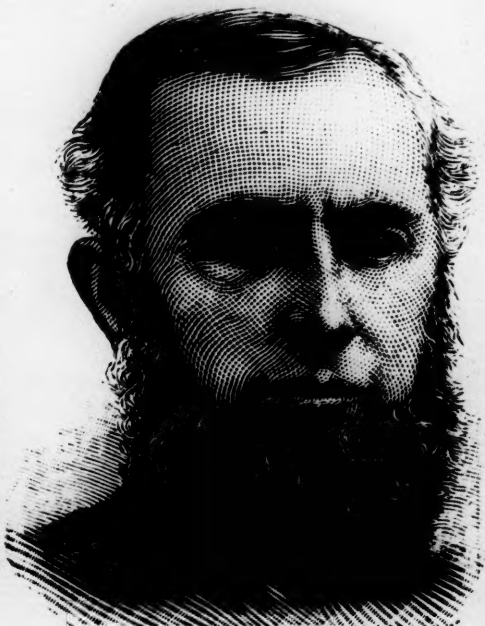


side, the referee declared it a draw.





THOMAS F. PLUNKETT,  
WHO HAS ALSO DISAPPEARED FROM HARTFORD  
IN CONNECTION WITH BARTHOLOMEW.



GEORGE M. BARTHOLOMEW,  
THE IMMENSE FINANCIAL DEFAULTER WHO HAS  
SKIPPED TO CANADA FROM HARTFORD, CONN.

#### Wholesale Poisoning For Revenge.

Ash Flat, Sharp county, Ark., is intensely excited over the poisoning of ten or twelve persons. The tragedy is the outcome of a pending suit for divorce brought by Elizabeth Phillips against her husband, Jesse Phillips, an old resident, and reputed to be worth \$50,000 or \$100,000. Popular sympathy was with the plaintiff. Recently Mrs. Phillips has been making her home with John Hotchkiss, to whom she is

related, and who lives near Jesse Phillips. Two or three packages of "Rough on Rats" were thrown into the well on the Hotchkiss farm Friday night, Sept. 21. Every one who used the water afterward was stricken down. The Hotchkiss family of five persons were all prostrated, and with Mrs. Phillips are reported almost beyond recovery. Five other men and women are likewise in a precarious condition, having drunk water from the poisoned well. Jesse Phillips and his son have been arrested.



THE POLICE FIRED.

HOW JOHN OSBORN, A SCAB TANNER, WAS ESCORTED HOME AT PEABODY, MASS.



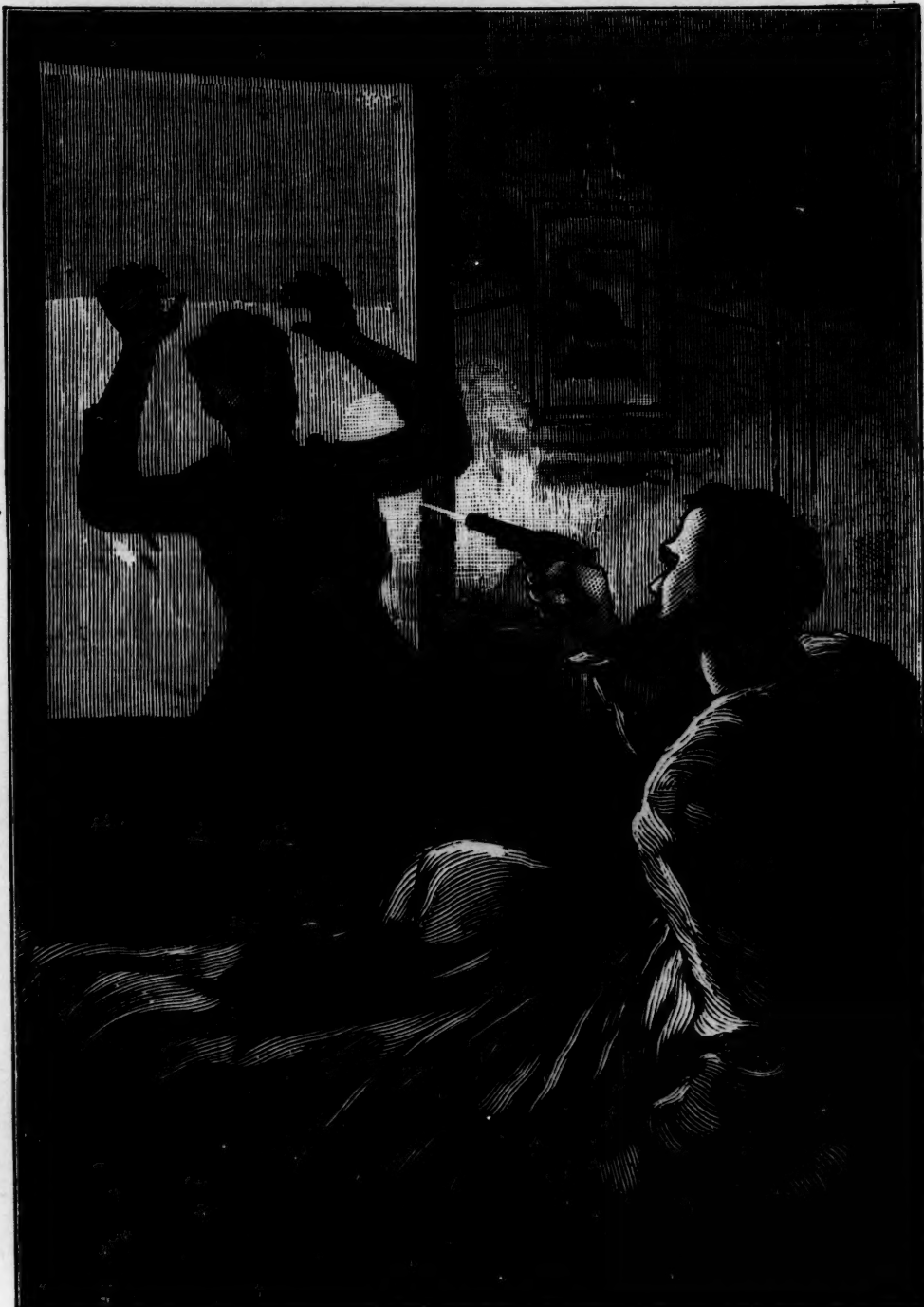
HE TAKES NO WATER IN HIS.

PROFESSOR LEROUX DROPS ONE-HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET FROM A HOUSE TOP TO SOLID GROUND IN PHILADELPHIA, PA.



MASKED BURGLARS.

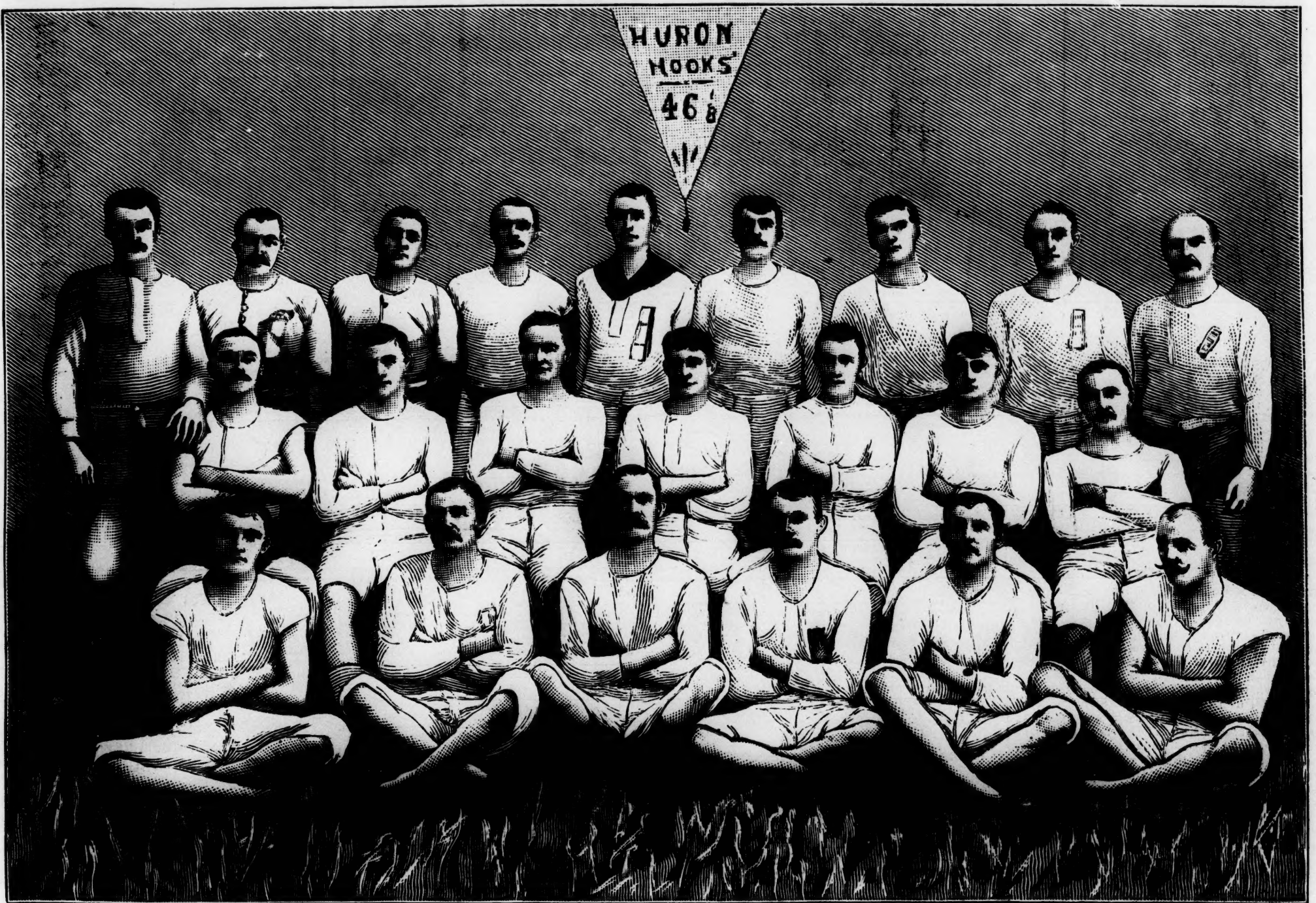
THEY ATTACK THE HOUSE OF JOHN PARK, AT KERRTOWN, PA., AND CARRY OFF ONE-THOUSAND FIVE-HUNDRED DOLLARS IN CASH.



SHOT BY MISTAKE.

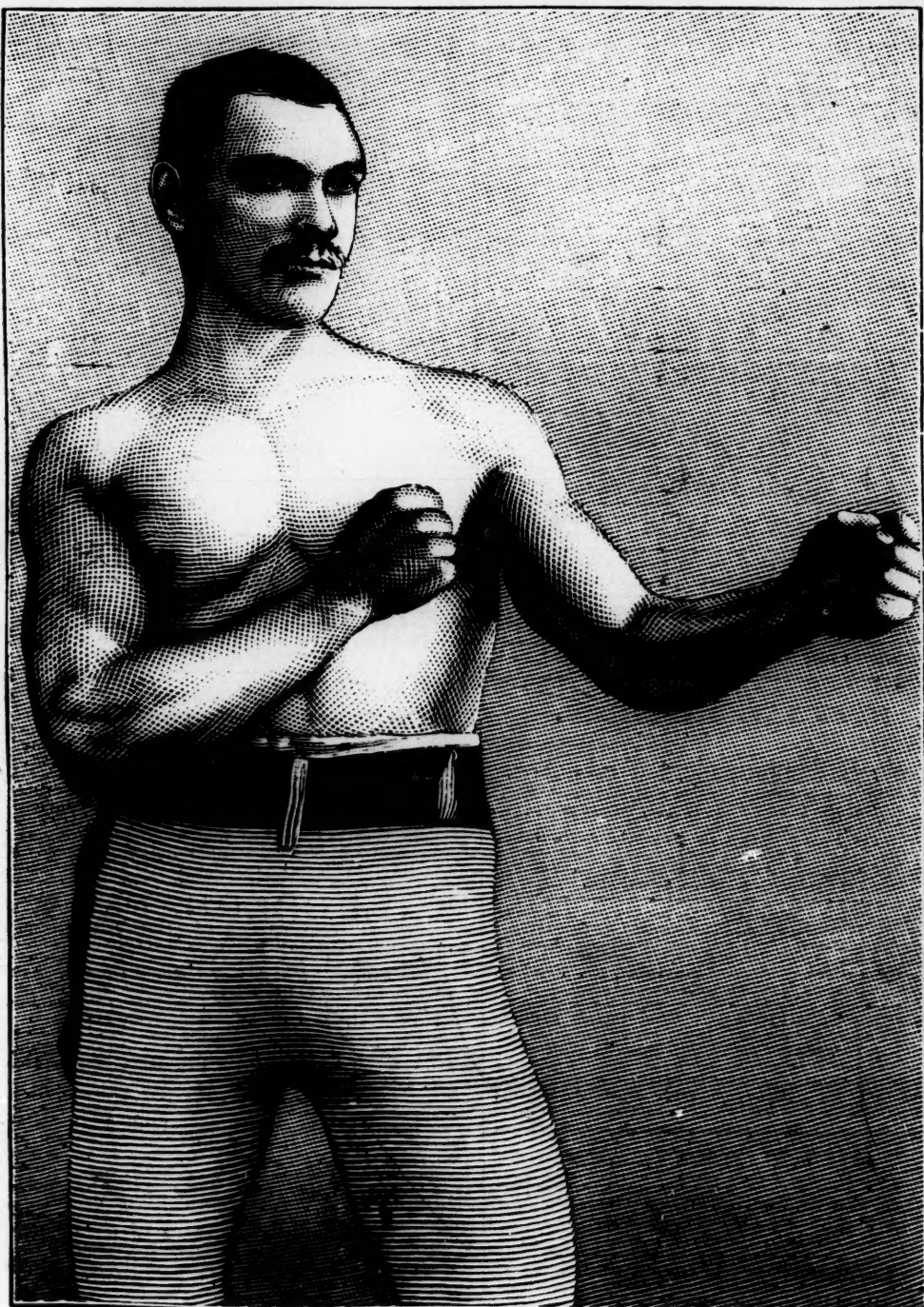
H. B. WHITTEMORE SHOTS HIS WIFE TWICE, WHO HE SUPPOSES IS A BURGLAR WHO HAS ENTERED HIS BEDROOM, NEAR GOLDEN, COL.





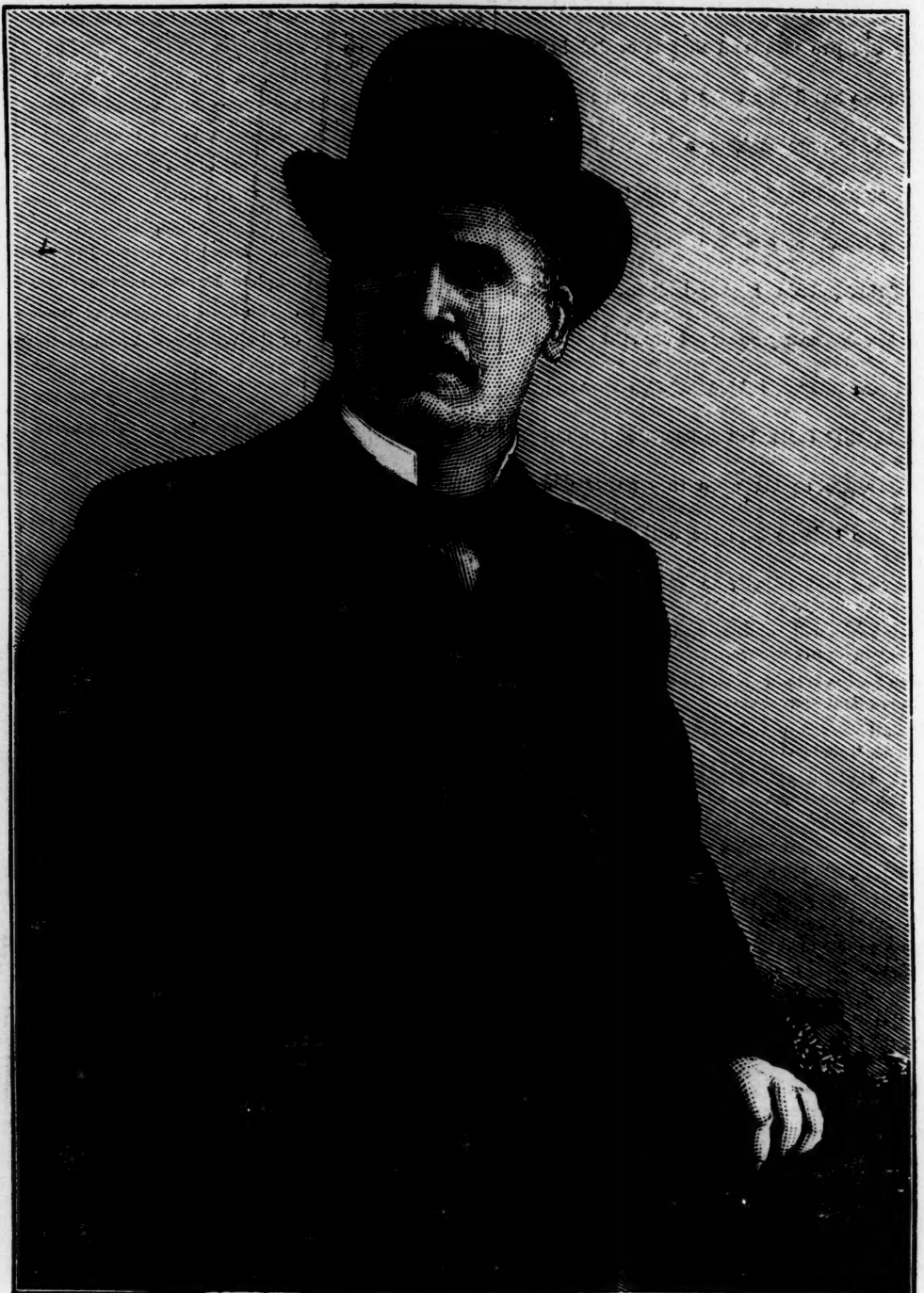
RAPID RUNNERS.

THE "HURON HOOKS" CHAMPION HOOK AND LADDER COMPANY OF HURON, MICHIGAN, WHO HAVE WON SEVERAL CONTESTS.



JACK DAVIS,

THE GALLANT YOUNG PUGILIST OF COLORADO WHO RECENTLY FOUGHT JOHN P. CLOW.



TOM CAMPBELL,

THE NOTED SPORTING MAN AND BONIFACE OF LEADVILLE, COLORADO.



## OUR NATIONAL GAME.

Latest Notes, Gossip and Comments  
Upon Baseball Matters in All Parts  
of the Country.



William H. McGunnigle.

William H. McGunnigle, the well-known New England League player, is a Boston boy by birth and is in his thirty-second year. He began play as catcher of the Howard Juniors, of Brandon, Mass., in 1875, from which club he went to Fall River, and he played in the Fall River teams of 1876 and 1877. He caught for Fred Nichols in 1878, and it was this team which helped to win the New England championship in that year. In 1879 he joined the Buffalo nine, and doing faithful service there was wisely retained for 1879. During the past seven seasons he has not figured very extensively in the baseball arena, owing to the pressure of other business. He is five feet nine inches in height and weighs 155 pounds. His activity and judgment in right field play have been shown by the number of times he has assisted in throwing men out from right field, his work in this respect being the best on record. He is a good change pitcher, a hard worker and an honest, reliable player.

It makes Ewing sick to play ball.

Released in the polite for bounced.

The Athletics have let Coleman slide.

"Miss Management." Well, it is very appropriate.

Big Kelly may possibly pose as a manager next season.

The Cincinnati players have soured on the management.

One or two live men is all that is needed in New York.

Washington has finally taken a drop on little Davy Force.

The Brooklyn are making a big bid for second place.

Big Anson has done giant work with the stick this season.

Eighteen-karat players are not bad, but very scarce.

Half of this malaria is pure laziness. Ask Buck Ewing.

Some chestnuts nearly a year old are still going the rounds.

The Eastern League is kind of a go-as-you-please concern.

Can it be that Taylor is the Jonah of the Cincinnati Club.

The Mets caught on big when they got Shaffer in their ranks.

Some of the Chicago boys are working the elbow racket in great shape.

They are not taking kindly to Tommy York in the American Association.

The New Yorks will try some men next season that do not get tired quite so easy.

Old man Sutton is to be placed among the relics of the diamond field next season.

Taking all things in consideration Empire Carlin will be lucky if he lasts the season out.

Burdock is not the great second baseman he used to be. He has seen his best days.

The Athletics are beginning to have grave doubts as to their chances of winning the pennant.

Mike Shine's dog is always at the Polo Ground during the progress of a game and at Eltels in the evening.

Ben Young has given up baseball as a bad job and has resumed his school teaching in Cleveland, Ohio.

It is hardly likely that Carlin will last long as an umpire, as his knowledge of the game seems limited.

The "dubs" will have to look sharp for their laurels or the Philadelphians will land them out of third place.

Devlin tried some of his monkey business in Syracuse, but he got brought up on his haunches with a suspension.

Pete Hotelling has not got quite such a big opinion of himself as he had before he got a chance to rest on his oars.

Galvin does not seem to get much thinner with the pounding he gets from the American Association batsmen.

Those Southern League players have come in just in the nick of time to make the remainder of the season interesting.

The Chicagoans must have been plumb off their base to tackle the Philadelphians twice in one day, especially after their long ride from Pittsburgh.

The St. Louis Browns would make a great many of the big League clubs tired were they competing for the championship pennant of that body.

Jumbo Orr is not bad, but the "Jumbo," as they have dubbed him out West, makes them do some pretty lively leather hunting, all the same.

O'Neill, the great American Association batsman, was once a member of the New York Club, but was released on account of his inability to hit the ball.

Little Bobby Matthews is a wonder. He commenced pitching in the year one, when the devil was a baby, and he still retains his grip as a first-class pitcher.

The magnates will put their heads together this winter and hatch out a scheme to make some of the gill-edged players go at their work with a little more vim.

## TO READERS.

Don't send money for goods to this office. We cannot undertake to purchase for any one. Send direct to the advertiser always.

Letters to advertisers should be inclosed in sealed envelopes, bearing (upon the outside) the sender's address written across the end, in addition to the advertiser's address, written lengthwise as usual. This is an almost infallible prevention of loss and disappointment. Letters so treated are returnable to the sender, unopened, if they fail of delivery.

Correspondents abroad are cautioned against sending foreign postage stamps, which are useless as a remittance, post office orders can invariably be obtained and should be used exclusively.

## CURE FOR THE DEAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING and perform the work of the natural drum. Invisible, comfortable and always in position. Conversation, even whistles, heard distinctly. Send for illustrated book of testimonials. Free. F. H. HICCOX, 833 Broadway, N. Y.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisers sending copy for blind advertisements must in all cases accompany their communication with a precise description of the goods they propose to sell.

Attention is called to the fact that no new accounts are opened for advertising, and that cash must in all cases accompany an order. Persons who are disappointed because their cards do not appear in this issue are those who omit to comply with this rule.

All Advertising Agencies are forbidden to quote the POLICE GAZETTE at less than regular rates, and notified that orders from them will not be received unless they exact full rates from advertisers.

Copy for advertisements must reach this office by Tuesday, 1 P. M., in order to insure insertion in following issue.

## BOOKS THAT EVERY ONE SHOULD READ.

Glimpses of Gotham: or, New York by Daylight and after Dark.

Man Traps a New York. A Full Expose of the Metropolitan Swindler.

New York by Day and Night. A Continuation of Glimpses of Gotham.

New York Tombs: Its Secrets, Romances, Crimes and Mysteries.

Mysteries of New York Unveiled. One of the most exciting books ever published.

Paris by Gaslight. The Gay Life of the Gayest City in the World.

Paris Inside Out; or, Joe Potts on the Loose. A vivid story of Parisian life.

Secrets of the Stage; or, The Mysteries of the Play-House Unveiled.

Great Art-Is of the American Stage. Portraits of the Actors and Actresses of America.

James Brothers, the Celebrated Outlaw Brothers. Their Lives and Adventures.

Billy Leroy, the Colorado Bandit. The King of American Highwaymen.

Cupid's Crimes; or, The Tragedies of Love. A history of criminal romances of passion and jealousy.

Famous Frauds; or, The Sharks of Society. The lives and adventures of famous impostors.

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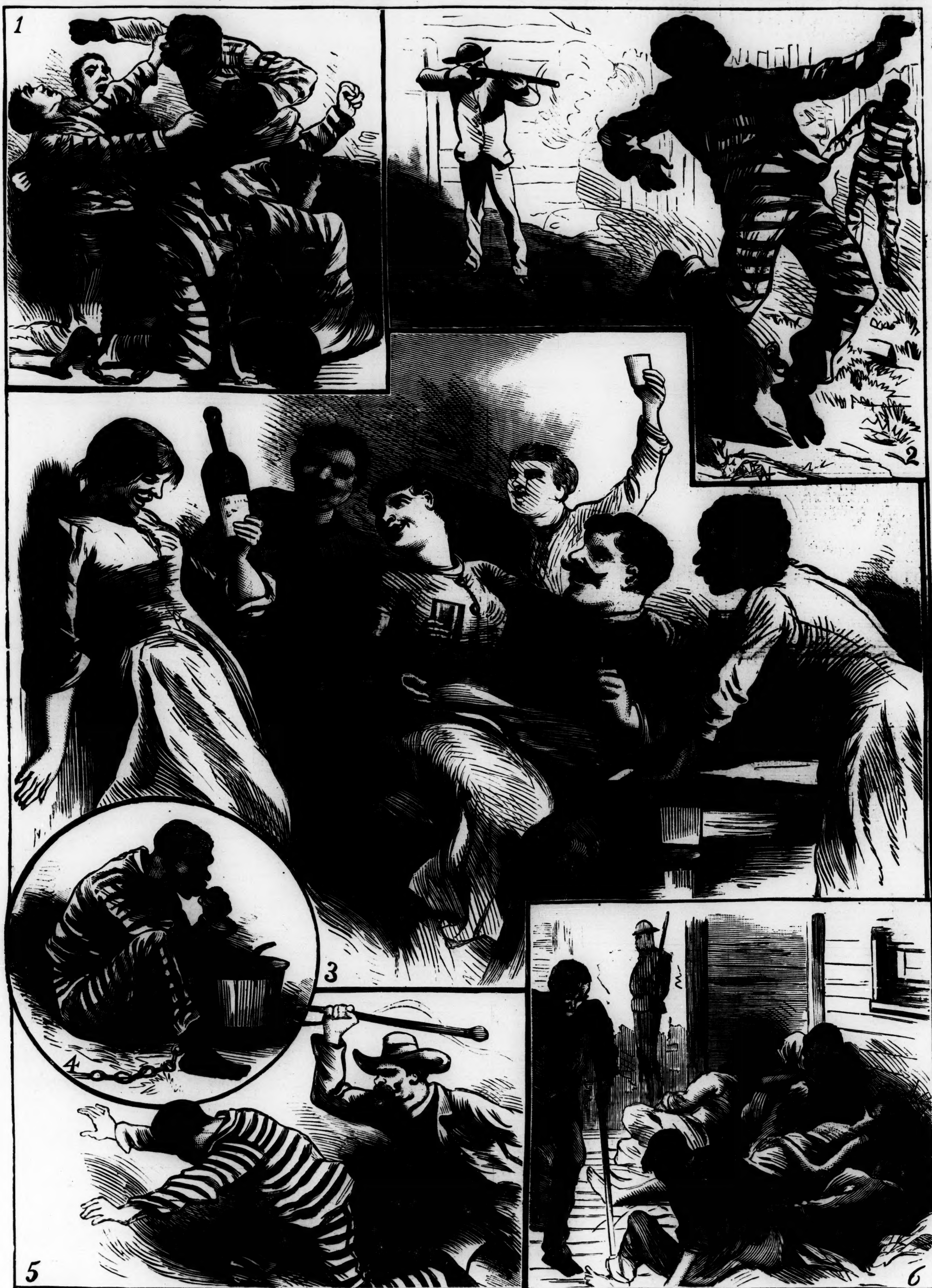
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